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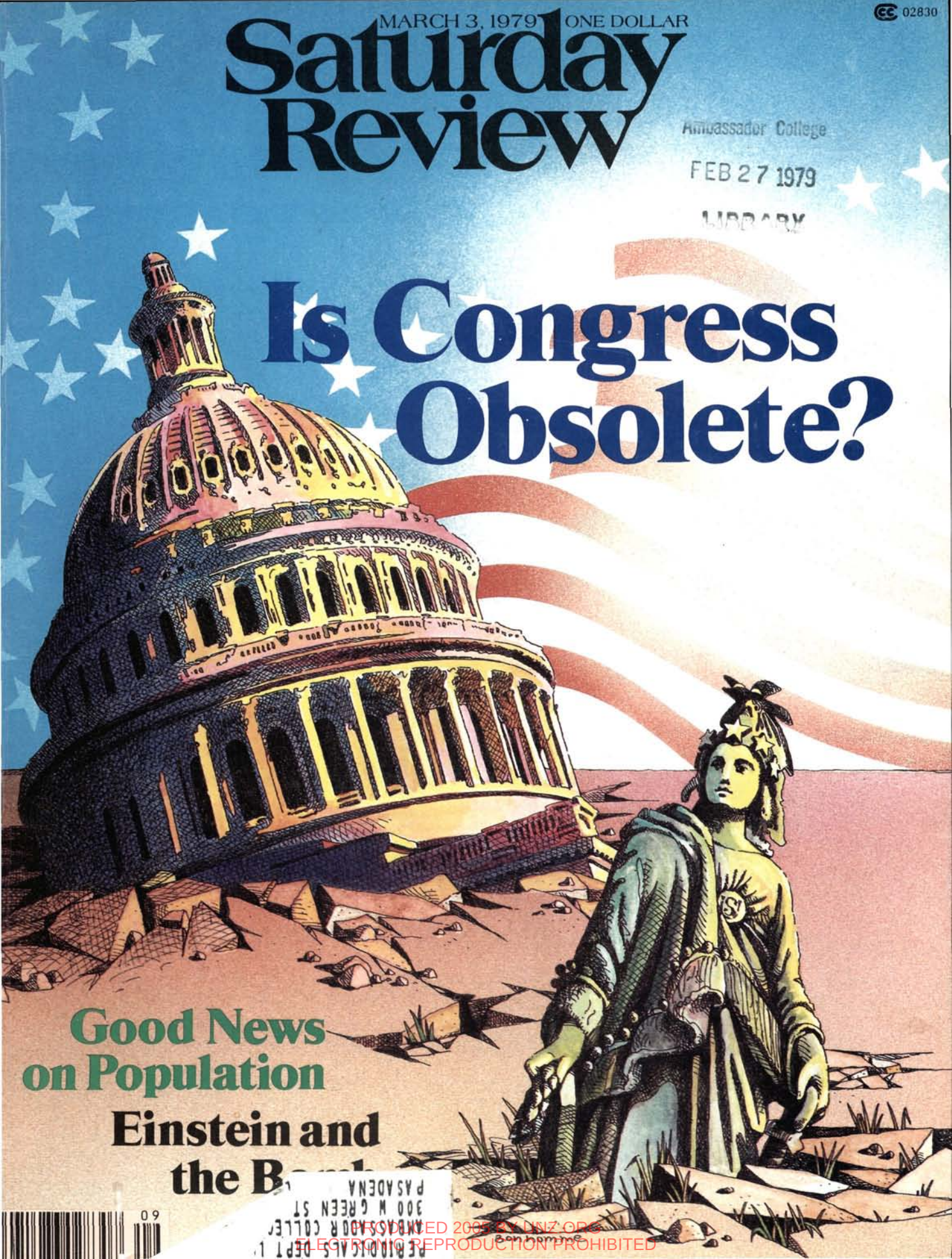

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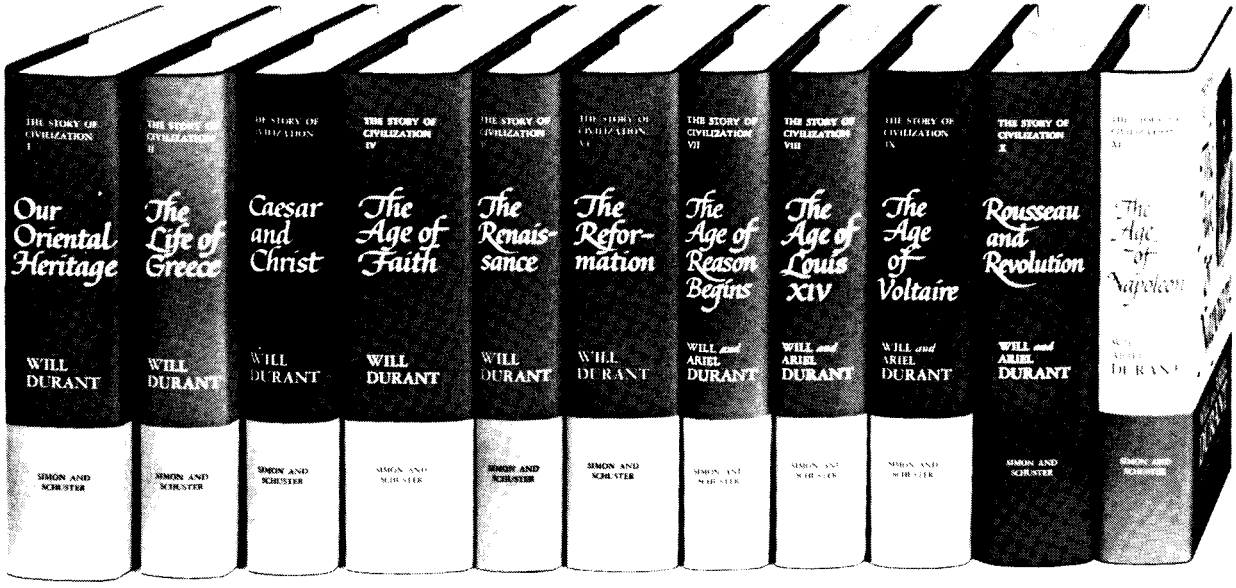

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Cartoonists: Clarence Brown, John Caldwell, Don Dougherty, Henry R. Martin, William R. Maul

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LETTERS

Some Comments on Health Care

Robert Claiborne's article, "A Penny of Prevention—The Cure for America's Health-Care System" [January 20] and several other health-care articles that have recently appeared in your magazine have not only been disappointing, but have also repeatedly missed the target. Once again, we find our superb medical system criticized by someone who is not working within it.

True, the care that a person takes of himself even in an advanced and sophisticated society is an important area of prevention. When this is combined with appropriate surveillance and control of industrial and environmental pollution, we may see significant improvements in our mortality tables. However, our health-care system must be "sickness"-oriented, since this is what our public now demands and needs. One cannot equate the enormous epidemiological problems in China with those in the United States.

Dr. Robert J. White
President
Academy of Medicine of Cleveland
Cleveland, Ohio

Robert Claiborne's article is a real contribution to the discussion of America's sickness care non-system. The depth of his research is commendable.

Lawrence L. Shrout
Arizona Department of Health Services
Phoenix, Arizona

Robert Claiborne's article is confused and confusing. Preventing disease does not do away with the need for medical care. It only *shifts* the cost of medical care.

Mr. Claiborne fails to recognize that escalating health costs are a result of increasing knowledge and its application. Public-health technology eliminated the infectious diseases which killed the young; now they live long enough to develop the many degenerative and inherited defects that afflict humans.

Alcoholism, obesity, tobacco, and poverty do contribute to ill health, and represent enormous drains—both material and spiritual—on our society. Eliminating these problems is a desirable social goal, but it won't affect medical costs. Burgeoning technology is a major problem behind the cost of health care.

Dr. Ernest Epstein
San Mateo, California

Robert Claiborne replies: Neither Dr. White nor Dr. Epstein addresses the main point of my articles: Our medical bills are high because of the *overuse* of medical technology and other high-cost types of care—notably, hospitalization. For this overuse, doctors—whether they care to recognize it or not—must bear a heavy responsibility.

A Hurrah for the Humanities

Thank you for Norman Cousins's editorial "How to Make People Smaller Than They Are" [SR, December 1978]. As a student majoring in English literature, I am frequently harangued by my business and engineering friends who ask with a smirk, "But what are you going to DO with an English degree?" "I'm going to be literate," I reply.

Linda Anne Barrett
Boulder, Colorado

Welcome to Middleton

Middleton's piece ["Felling the Spreading Hoax," January 6] which questions the contribution and indeed the very existence of Thomas Crapper, leaves me in a logical dilemma. If I apply the arguments used by Middleton in his discussion of the Crapper saga, I come up with the following:

Middleton is a small town in southern Wisconsin and this lends a fine air of Midwestern reliable dairy-farming integrity to the name. Add to this the fact that Thomas Middleton was an English dramatist and we form the inescapable conclusion that the name Thomas H. Middleton was computer-selected for maximum acceptance by the readers of *Saturday Review*, and that no such person actually exists.

David P. Onwood
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Editor's Note:
See Thomas Middleton's Light Refractions, page 14.

Yum

The idea of mashing grass to a tasteless leaf protein concentrate [Front Runners, January 6] conjures up a vision of a fu-

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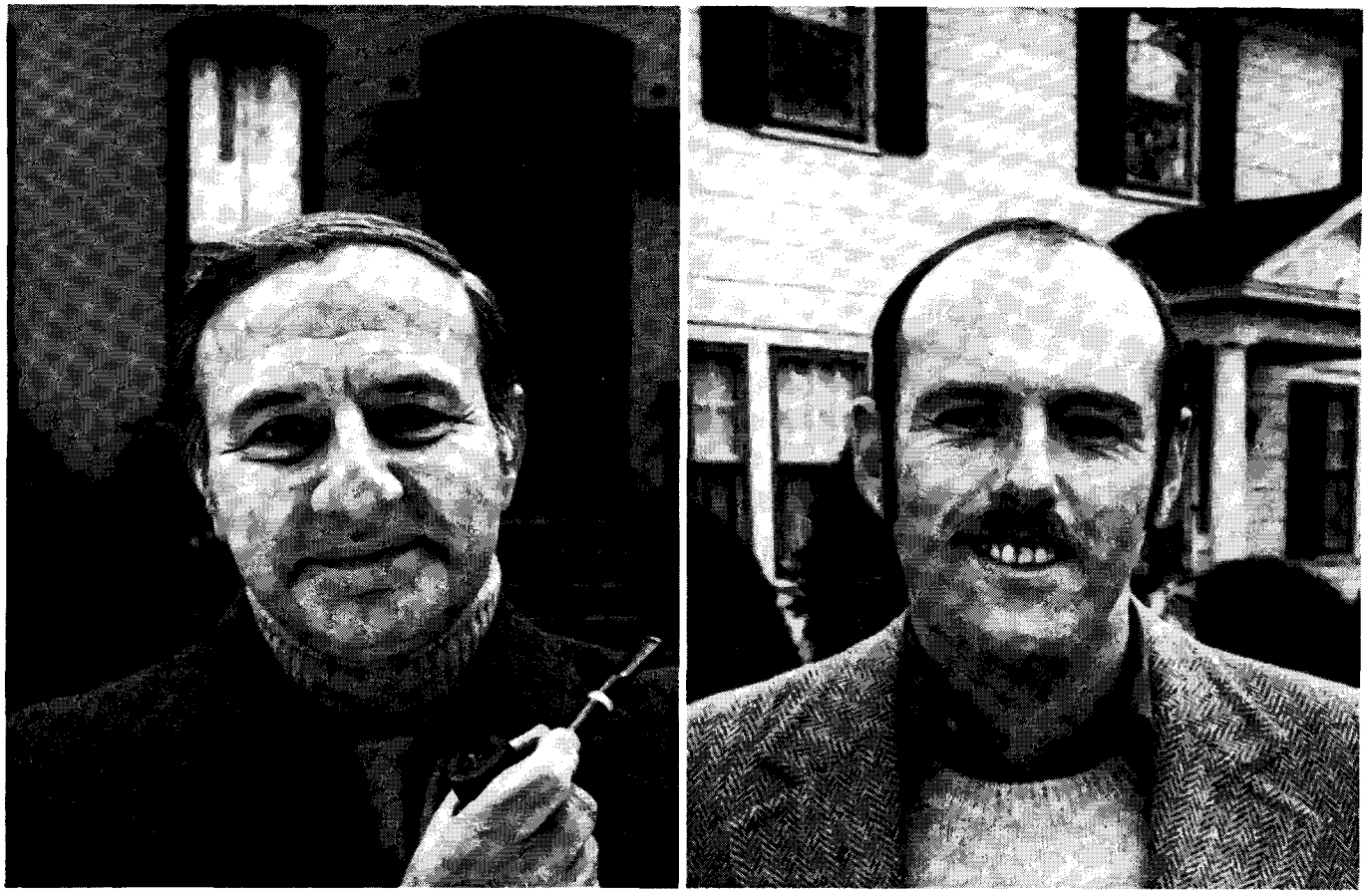

One of these homeowners is thrifty, safety conscious, and a sitting duck for financial disaster.

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Many people, like the man on the left, believe they have adequate homeowners insurance. But inflation has been pushing up the value of their homes. They don't update their coverage every year. So when disaster strikes, they are unable to fully recover their losses.

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- Designing new coverages to meet the special insurance needs of older homes.
- Helping to develop safety standards which protect life and property.
- Operating special claims assistance and damage repair programs in times of catastrophe.
- Conducting fire prevention and arson control programs.

Here's what you can do to protect yourself:

- Re-evaluate your home insurance needs annually with your agent.
- Take a higher deductible if you can. It lowers your premiums.
- Install a smoke detector or burglar alarm. Many companies offer premium discounts for such devices.
- Get a receipt or appraisal for all major household items (furniture, antiques, jewelry, art). Duplicate it and keep it and all such records in a safety deposit box away from your home.
- Inventory all your possessions and take photos of each room to document what you have.

1 Source U S Dept of Labor 2 Cost does not include land Source U S Dept of Commerce

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Glenn T. Wilson
Edwardsville, Illinois

The Shroud Debate Is Resurrected

I was quite surprised by Anthony Burgess's "Rube Goldberg" approach to the resurrection of Jesus ["The Truth of the True Shroud," November 25]. Mr. Burgess has reconstructed the "Passover Plot" scenario and added a bit of "Medical Center" just to create a resurrected Jesus plausible to those who believe that scientific rationality is the *only* true way of knowing. Unless I've misread the intellectual history of the last 15 years, it would appear that using the scientific method alone for truth has been found wanting, and even disastrous.

Rev. Salvatore J. Miraglia
Seaford, New York

It is difficult to believe, as Anthony Burgess suggests, that Jesus could survive such cruel and inhuman treatment because of his oratory skills. If this were true, and somehow Jesus were to recover in three weeks, it would certainly be miraculous (and aren't we supposed to leave the miraculous out of this account?). But if we accept that he was comatose and "reduced in mind" then the faith would be founded on a mental incompetent and Christianity would be nothing more than the greatest public relations hoax foisted on humanity.

M. Craig Fitzsimmons
Associate Pastor
Roy A. Hassel
Pastor
Jesse Lee Memorial
United Methodist Church
Ridgefield, Connecticut

Anthony Burgess's piece is interesting not so much for his remarks on the validity of the shroud itself, but for his personal commentary on Christianity. The essence of Christianity is not in its doctrine of "charity and tolerance," but rather in its justification of a life which may be too easily viewed as purposeless. Charity and tolerance merely make life more bearable; they do not give it meaning. If death does render all actions ultimately meaningless, then there must be something beyond death. It was this promise of "something beyond" that Christ held out, and as such, his resurrection, not revival, was essential.

Anne Gibson
Sudbury, Massachusetts

Answers to February 17 Puzzles

WIT TWISTER No. 136
trounces, counters, construe

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT
No. 124
. . . It is very peculiar that whenever we see the image of . . . unutterable desolation, the thought of God comes into one's mind.
—Vincent Van Gogh

MIDDLETON DOUBLE-CROSTIC
No. 165
SONNY FOX:
(JOKES AND) TIPS FOR
THE JOKETELLER
If you can tell a story . . . well, you will experience the laughter and approval of an audience, and from then on you will be hooked. You will know the joy that every performer goes through when he has an audience. It is beautiful, and I can't give you a description—it's something you have to feel.

Fraser Young Literary Crypt No. 125

QB APGBD I HBBO UACRQI-
QVBP, HVSA CRTYVEYD
IPO FQAIY CUVSIQAYD.
—GBFM TVYYVPHF

Wit Twister No. 137

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

No flashy _____ or
lothario,
He _____ with the ladies
rather low.
But in his _____, he ranked
among the best;
The goods he _____ and
priced outsold the rest.
Yet wealth meant naught when women
looked away.
His _____ and posture
mirrored his dismay.
A.S.

Answers next issue

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RICHARD DEL ROSSO

Moon and Sixpence

Korea is finally enjoying its long-sought revenge against American imperialism. Except that it's our allies, the South Koreans, who are extracting the pound of flesh. Bad enough that they disrupt our steel and textile industries with cheap exports; bad enough that Tongsun Park plays upon the venality of congressmen; but worst of all, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon, high priest and ringmaster of the Unification Church, has brought his dubious, if successful, organizational methods to the good old American fishing industry. And put good old Americans out of work in the process.

The church—which has already come under congressional scrutiny for violating tax, immigration, and banking laws, among others—has realized that its cottage industries, though prolific, provide a shaky base for a financial empire. Thus, as Bob Sullivan, assistant to the president of the church in the U.S. puts it, "We eventually want to shift the emphasis out of fund-raising and put the emphasis on business."

And the Moonies have entered the fish business in a big way. Operating as International Oceanic Enterprises, the church has built processing plants in Virginia and California and is planning another, a $3 million venture, in Alaska. It has entered the tuna and lobster fishing business in Massachusetts and has gone into boat-building in Alabama.

The Moonies have met with an extremely cool reception in each case, not so much because of allegations of brainwashing and connections with the Korean CIA as because of their large resources of tax-free capital, and their pool of willing, almost unpaid labor. As an angry lobster dealer in Gloucester, Massachusetts, explains, "They've got personnel you can't match, they've got money you can't match, they don't pay taxes like you. There's just no way you can compete with them."

Legal protests have as yet proved unsuccessful. Irate fishermen might take comfort, however, in the longer view: Where else but in America, home of the thrifty Puritans, should religious zeal be so openly mingled with merciless capitalism?

Bringing Ice to Ice Land

The most superfluous piece of technology to bring to Alaska's North Slope would seem to be a snow-making machine. Which only goes to show how little most of us know about frozen tundra, since the Arctic Slope–Alaska General Construction Co. has built just such an item to make roads in the vast desert near the Arctic Ocean.

You've probably heard that if you go far enough south, it starts getting cold. Well, if you go far enough north, it stops snowing, and Alaska General, a government contractor looking for oil, wants snow. The tundra is too delicate a surface to haul drilling equipment over, so the company snow-maker is now pumping out snow as well as water at a rate of 250 gallons a minute, thus producing a path of ice across the plain. Spread a layer of gravel on top, and you've got a pip of a highway. The only problem now is to find enough oil to offset the vast expenses of North Slope drilling—a somewhat chancy prospect.

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Some Dare Call It Conspiracy

Conspiracy fantasies come and go, usually without leaving much in their wake beyond leering caricatures of Nelson Rockefeller slapped up against lampposts and mailboxes. But one truly apocalyptic vision—that drug smuggling, "the biggest business in the world," is controlled by British bankers by way of the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corp.—has just made it into the big time. The Federal Reserve Bank may conduct hearings into the Asian financial conglomerate's proposed merger with the Marine Midland Bank.

The whole thing sounds curiously anachronistic, redolent of opium wars and an empire upon which the sun never sets, but the charges have been presented to Fed staff members at great length by officials of the U.S. Labor Party. The USLP is a mysterious and ideologically chameleonic group which has a way of camping on the steps of congressmen and government officials, and which now advocates a revival of the unsullied principles of economic expansion as first expressed by Alexander Hamilton.

The drug industry plot, according to the USLP's 400-page volume, *Dope, Inc.*, goes something like this. In Southeast Asia, where poppies are grown and first refined, the Hong Kong & Shanghai does all the funding. This it accomplishes by lending funds to local banks in nearby countries, which, the USLP claims, are dominated by expatriate Chinese. These banks, in turn, funnel money to other expatriate Chinese, who control poppy harvest and production at the local level.

Meanwhile, back in merry old England, "the Crown" pulls the strings of the Hong Kong & Shanghai. Funds for distribution and further refinement come from that hoary old paranoid pairing, Jewish bankers (the Rothschilds) and British gold-merchants (Harry Oppenheimer, a South African—all in the imperial family). Finally, the whole $200 billion business is manipulated by the London-based Royal Institute of International Affairs, all of whose members are related either to one another or to someone else who is somehow involved, thus constituting an English version of the Cosa Nostra.

An appropriate, and symmetrical, final touch has been added to the case by a source who told *Business Week* that "around the bank, we have been thinking it might be the KGB that's behind [the allegations]." David Goldman, the USLP's financial intelligence expert, characterizes that conspiratorial philosopher as "a paranoid nut case."

Submissions

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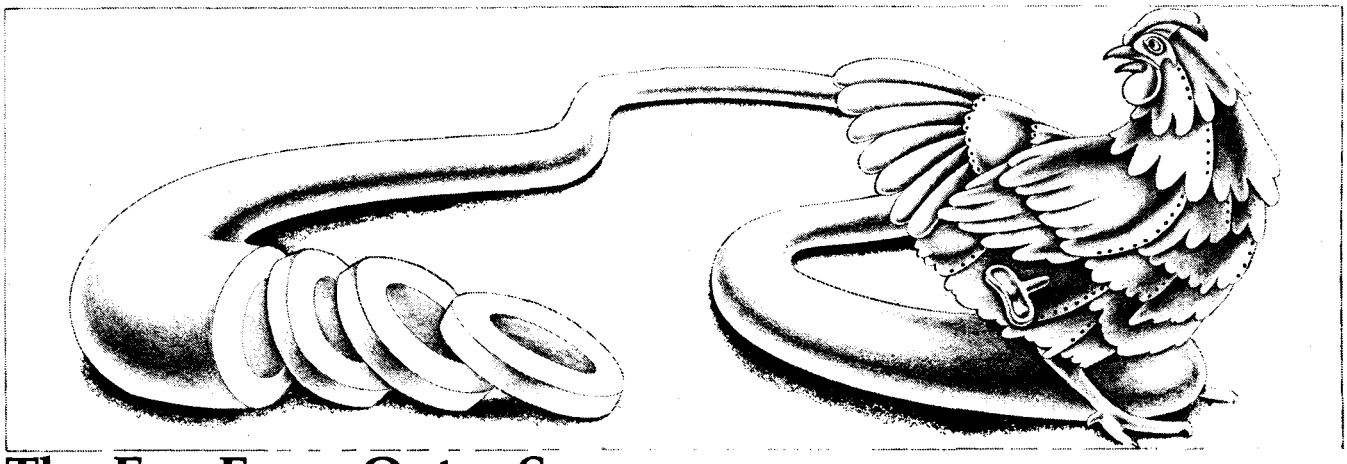
RACQUEL BAUN



The Egg From Outer Space

The next time you dig into your TWA salad, take a good look at the slice of hard-boiled egg sitting on top. Perfectly center-cut, isn't it? Look at your neighbor's. Also perfect. So is every slice of hard-boiled egg on the plane. Who, you may be moved to wonder, is getting the egg's yolkless hips? The miraculous answer is nobody: TWA, like most other airlines, along with industrial and institutional food services, uses a product known as Gourmegg, a 13-inch tube of egg white wrapped around yolk.

Gourmegg is brought to you by Ralston-Purina, a firm generally associated with dog food. The product is made by separating whole eggs, cooking yolk and white in individual casings, and then inserting the one into the other. At $1.50 a shot, a single prefrozen Gourmegg provides as many slices of center-cut egg as 21 of the real things, while saving labor on boiling and peeling.

Ralston-Purina officials, as well as corporate consumers, insist that the Gourmegg tastes just like the unwieldy objects that have come rolling out of chickens for so many years. But a recent mention of the product quoted a steakhouse manager as saying, "It's the closest thing to freshly cooked cardboard I've tasted."

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EDITORIAL

Albert Einstein and the Bomb

ALBERT EINSTEIN, whose 100th birthday falls on March 14, has been called the Father of the Atomic Age, but his precise role in the development of nuclear energy has been a subject of conjecture and debate ever since the world's first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. It has been said that the United States would never have embarked on the Manhattan District Project in 1942 if Einstein had not persuaded President Franklin D. Roosevelt to authorize the massive undertaking. Others have said his part in the nuclear project was nominal.

The facts may be complicated, but they are fully accessible. In the sum total of Einstein's life and work, his relationship to the first atomic bomb may be only a fragment, but it is a significant footnote nonetheless to a critical period of history.

In the early years after World War II, I had the privilege of meeting with Einstein several times. At one of these meetings, he seemed eager to correct misimpressions about his contribution to nuclear energy in general and the atomic bomb in particular.

Einstein lived in Princeton, New Jersey, in a small white frame house on Mercer Street, not far from the university. The house was a striking extension of the man—unprepossessing, comfortable, genuine. Einstein would take his visitor up a narrow flight of stairs to his book-lined study, with its large picture window looking out on a modest garden. He would seat his guest in a cushioned chair opposite him at his small worktable. His clothes were casual, very casual—slacks, sweater-shirt, sandals. He spoke in a low but distinct voice. He had a highly developed sense of humor and savored irony. His laughter was restrained, more of a pleasant chuckle than an effusion.

Einstein had invited me to visit him in Princeton to discuss the American world-government movement. He said he could think of nothing more urgent than the need to control nuclear weapons. And he believed the only way to control nuclear weapons was to control war itself. Nations had to accept a higher authority in all those matters involving common dangers and common needs. The nuclear bomb defined this reality and did not permit delay.

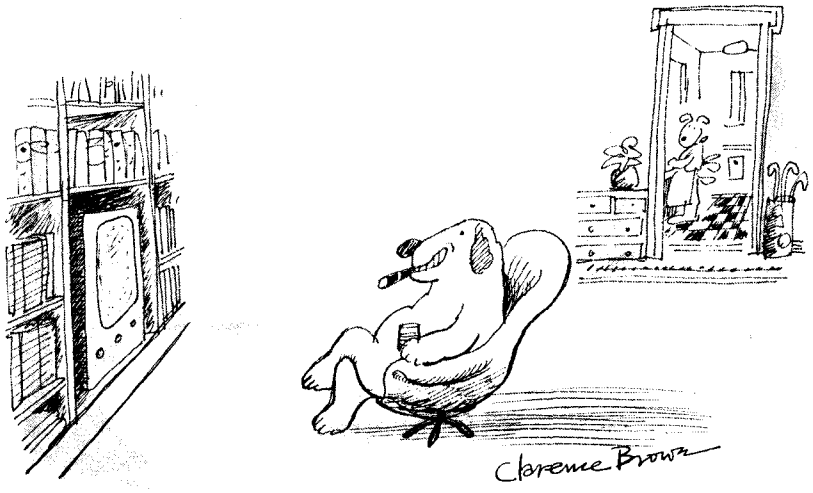
It was then that I asked him whether he regretted his role in the development of nuclear energy. The lines in his face seemed to deepen. He said he would answer my question but first felt it was important to explain just what his role had been. He wanted to clarify two vital points. One was the relevance of his own work in theoretical physics to nuclear-energy research. The other had to do with a letter he had written to President Roosevelt that had led to the Manhattan District Project.

First of all, he said, the key to nuclear energy, whether for generating power or for making nuclear weapons, is the ability to create a controlled chain reaction. While his own theory, $E = mc^2$, had cleared the way for such a development, he had thought for many years that the problems in the way of a chain reaction could not be solved in the foreseeable future. In fact, he commented ruefully, he had given a number of press interviews in which he had said that nuclear energy was very remote.

Einstein said he had thus been surprised when he had learned in the late Thirties that an experiment indicating that a controlled reaction was attainable did in fact occur in the Berlin laboratory of Otto Hahn. But the result of the experiment had been accidental, and its significance had not been fully perceived by Hahn himself. Lise Meitner, an associate of Hahn, sent word about the accident to Niels Bohr, the noted Danish physicist. Bohr immediately recognized the destructive implications of the news and exchanged ideas in the United States with other refugee scientists, among them Leo Szilard, Walter Zinn, Eugene Wigner, Victor Weisskopf, Enrico Fermi, and Edward Teller, who were themselves engaged in various aspects of atomic-energy research.

In the early summer of 1939, Einstein said, Leo Szilard came to see him to express his own fears that nuclear energy for military purposes was a distinct possibility. Szilard was profoundly worried that Nazi Germany might be able to harness the chain reaction to the making of nuclear weapons. Such a development would practically ensure Nazi world domination. Germany was already grabbing all the uranium it could put its hands on. Szilard believed that President Roosevelt ought to be informed immediately about the German nuclear possibility, and he felt that the most effective approach to the President would be through a letter from Einstein. Szilard knew one of FDR's personal advisors, Alexander Sachs, a New York economist. He had sounded out Sachs on his willingness to hand-deliver a letter from Einstein to the President. Sachs had accepted the assignment.

Einstein agreed to Szilard's proposal and wrote the draft of a letter. Szilard suggested some revisions. The final version, written by Einstein, was dated August 2, 1939. In it, Einstein explained to the President that the element uranium could be converted through fission into a spectacular new source of energy. Einstein wrote that this nuclear process could be used to create superbombs so powerful that a single explosive could destroy a large harbor or an industrial area. There were substantial indications, the letter said, that Ger-



Hey, Louise, get this...Morris the cat died!

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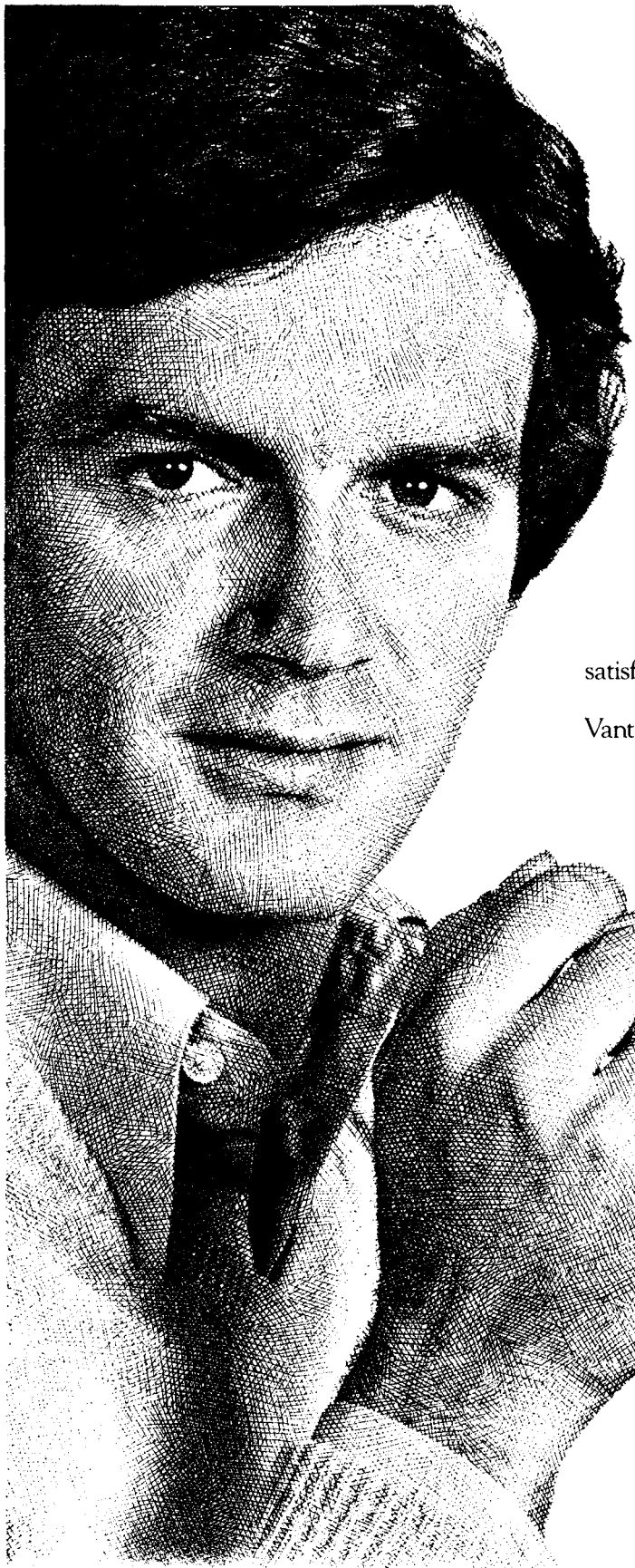


'I didn't sacrifice great flavor to get low tar.'

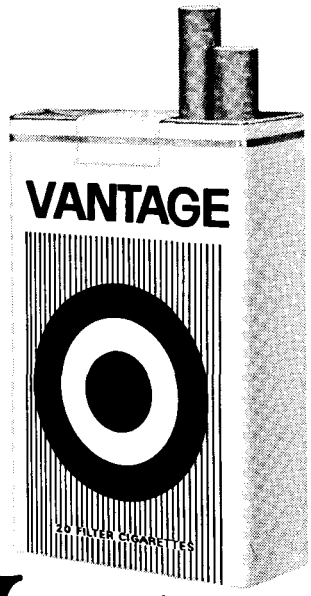
"The first thing I expect from a cigarette is flavor. And satisfaction. Finding that in a low-tar smoke wasn't easy.

"But then I tried Vantage. Frankly, I didn't even know Vantage was low in tar. Not until I looked at the numbers.

"That's because the taste was so remarkable it stood up to anything I'd ever smoked.

"For me, switching to Vantage was an easy move to make. I didn't have to sacrifice a thing."

Peter Accetta
New York City, New York



FILTER 100's: 10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, FILTER, MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Vantage

Regular, Menthol and Vantage 100's.

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many was aware of this historic fact and indeed might already be building up its supply of uranium.

Inexplicably, Sachs held the letter for more than two months before delivery. The reason is one of history's mysteries. Szilard and Einstein, mindful of the critical importance of every minute, couldn't understand why Sachs was dilatory on a matter that might involve the life or death of entire nations.

Finally, Sachs gave the President Einstein's letter. Within a week, Einstein received a reply from FDR, who said he would act promptly on the information received. This was the insemination date of the Manhattan District Project, which resulted in the world's first atomic bomb. But beyond writing the letter, Einstein himself had no connection with the wartime development of atomic energy, nor was he given any information about the progress of the nuclear-weapons project.

As for any regrets Einstein may have had about helping to initiate research leading to the bomb, he said he had none. He emphasized that he had written the letter at a time when a superweapon in Nazi hands could have condemned Western civilization. But while, as a scientist, Einstein had no apologies for urging nuclear research as a defense against Germany, as a human being, he regretted the decision to use the bomb without warning.

Einstein called my attention to a letter sent to President Truman that had been written by Professor James Franck and Szilard and signed by a number of other atomic scientists who, like Szilard and Franck, had had key roles in the Manhattan District Project. The letter, written shortly after Roosevelt's death, attempted to outline for President Truman certain facts that the scientists feared had not been conveyed to him by the military. The scientists were troubled, for example, that Truman might see the bomb as just a superexplosive and not as a catastrophic new force that could change the course of history.

Being the first nation to have the atomic bomb, moreover, imposed certain moral restraints on the United States with respect to its use. The scientists called on President Truman not to drop the bomb on a live target. If, however, the President felt that the war against Japan absolutely required the use of the bomb, they asked that it not be dropped without warning. Specifically, they proposed that a demonstration of the power of the bomb be staged on some barren island, with international witnesses. On the basis of this demonstration, a surrender ultimatum could be issued to Japan, which thus would have the responsibility to make the fateful decision whether to go on with the war.

Einstein said that it was difficult for him to understand why President Truman didn't find the Franck argument persuasive. The decision to drop not just one bomb but two, Einstein felt, was one that he himself couldn't understand and that he profoundly regretted—not just as a scientist who figured in the original sequence of events leading to the making of the bomb but as a human being who was concerned about the American legacy to the future.

We had covered a great deal of ground, and I got up to leave. At the door, Einstein said that what was now most important was the need to deal with the existing situation. And the existing situation was that the American monopoly of the bomb would not last indefinitely. We had a little time, perhaps several years, he said, before other nations would develop their own nuclear weapons. When that happened, the difficulty of bringing the bomb under control would be multiplied many times. Any war anywhere that involved the use of such a weapon carried with it the threat of global devastation. It was clear to him, therefore, that the main challenge to mankind was to eradicate war. But peace could be established only on the basis of justice. Hence it was necessary to create a government of the whole and to bring nations themselves under a rule of law.

People know instinctively that Einstein dealt not just in scientific truths but in moral truths.

When I saw Einstein in 1948, at the New York City home of his long-time friend, the widely recognized radiologist Dr. Gustave Bucky, he had education on his mind. The kind of changes in thinking dictated by the bomb could not be accomplished without reconditioning. He was especially interested in what the universities were doing to foster a sense of world citizenship. He had therefore been pleased when he had learned some weeks earlier that a group of students at the University of Chicago had just launched a "World Republic" movement. He had met with the students and was encouraged by their knowledgeable approach to the question of world government. Even though their position called for greater centralization of authority than was being advocated by many adult leaders, he thought it would be unfortunate if the movement were to be split between the "maximalists" and the "minimalists." The young people, he felt, were certainly right in believing that a world government should have wider powers than their seniors thought necessary or desirable. After all, he added with a smile, they might be right.

Those early years after the war throbbed with the excitement of new ideas and animated debate over the making of a new world. A number of leading scientists, among them Szilard, Harrison Brown, Willie Higginbotham, and Harold Urey, took to the road to try to educate the American people about the implications of nuclear weapons. Albert Einstein lent his name to the newly formed Committee of Atomic Scientists. He continued to speak about the need for a world authority over sovereign nations. He didn't go off on barnstorming expeditions, but he was the generating center for much of the energy in the world-government cause. Peace to him was more than a commitment; it was an obsession.

The world's people know of Einstein as the greatest figure in science since Newton. They may not comprehend the theory of relativity, or exactly why $E = mc^2$ has unlocked so many cosmic secrets, but they have an instinctive sense that he dealt not just in scientific truths but in moral truths. Out of his brain came a design for living in an atomic age that if sufficiently understood and pursued may yet lead to sanity and safety on this earth.

The finest evaluation of Einstein's place in history, so far as I know, has never previously been published. It came from Jawaharlal Nehru. The date was April 18, 1955. The place was Bandung, Indonesia, where the newly independent nations of Asia and Africa had come together to celebrate their independence. At the morning plenary session, one of the news correspondents handed me a wire saying that Albert Einstein had just died. I passed the cable along to Nehru. He looked at the message, and sat quietly for a few minutes with his hands buried in his face. Then he wrote out a note:

> The wisest and greatest man among us has passed away. Not for many years will we fully appreciate that wisdom and greatness. But he has tried to show us the way. Those who have the responsibility for leading nations have a tendency to think only of their own societies. But Albert Einstein has been telling us that we can no longer live in separate worlds. It is that concept of a unified world which all of us—leaders and citizens—must now create and serve. —N.C.

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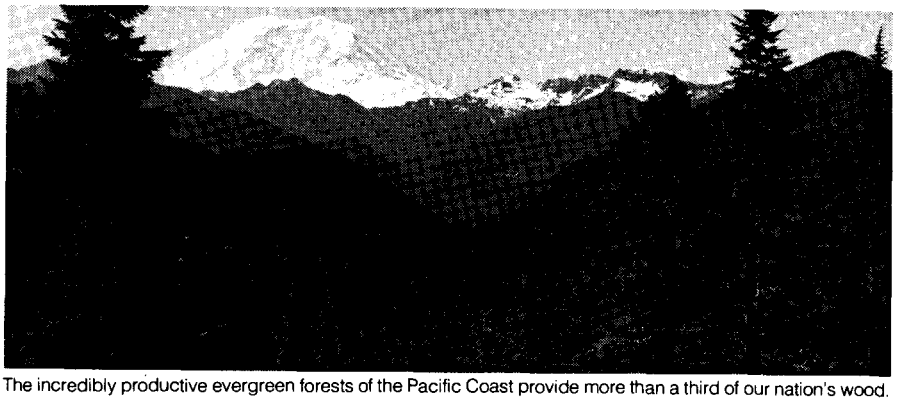
BOUNTIFUL NATURE GETS AN ASSIST FROM MODERN FORESTRY IN THE FAR WEST.



The incredibly productive evergreen forests of the Pacific Coast provide more than a third of our nation's wood.

Some of the richest, most productive forests on this green earth are found on the Pacific Coast of the United States.

They make up just 12 percent of the nation's commercial forest*, yet they produce more than a third of our wood.

These are the forests of legend — a rich forestland where Paul Bunyan would have felt at home. A lush green belt 100 miles wide, from California to Alaska.

Large portions of this land have been harvested once to give us wood for homes, paper, pulp, packaging and thousands of other products. Now a new generation of trees has taken its place. Trees that are growing faster and straighter, thanks to twentieth-century scientific forestry.

DEMANDS ARE RISING.

It's a good thing. The government says domestic demand for wood and paper products will double by the year 2020. And demands on the forest for all kinds of uses are increasing rapidly as well.

However, most forestlands are far less productive than they could be. This means that every acre of productive forestland will have to grow even more wood to meet the needs of the future.

The incredibly productive forests of the Pacific Coast will play a role in meeting that challenge.

The Pacific forests owe their great productivity to nutritive soils, moist climate, and some of the best forest management in the world.

MAN ASSISTS NATURE.

Genetically superior seedlings are planted by the millions in newly harvested areas, giving the new forest as much as a five-year head start over natural regeneration.

As the trees grow, they're protected from insects, fire and other natural enemies. Slow growers and competing brush are thinned out to give the best trees room to grow. When necessary, extra nutrients are provided to give the young forest an added burst of growth.

Everyone shares in the multiple benefits of the managed forest. There's lumber for housing. Jobs. Revenue for schools. Places to camp and fish. Watersheds for cities. And wildlife habitat.

All these things are possible because wood is one natural resource that is renewable. And modern forestry has found new ways to make Mother Nature more productive.

The result is a better quality forest, often more than twice as productive as the generations before it.

A LONG WAY TO GO.

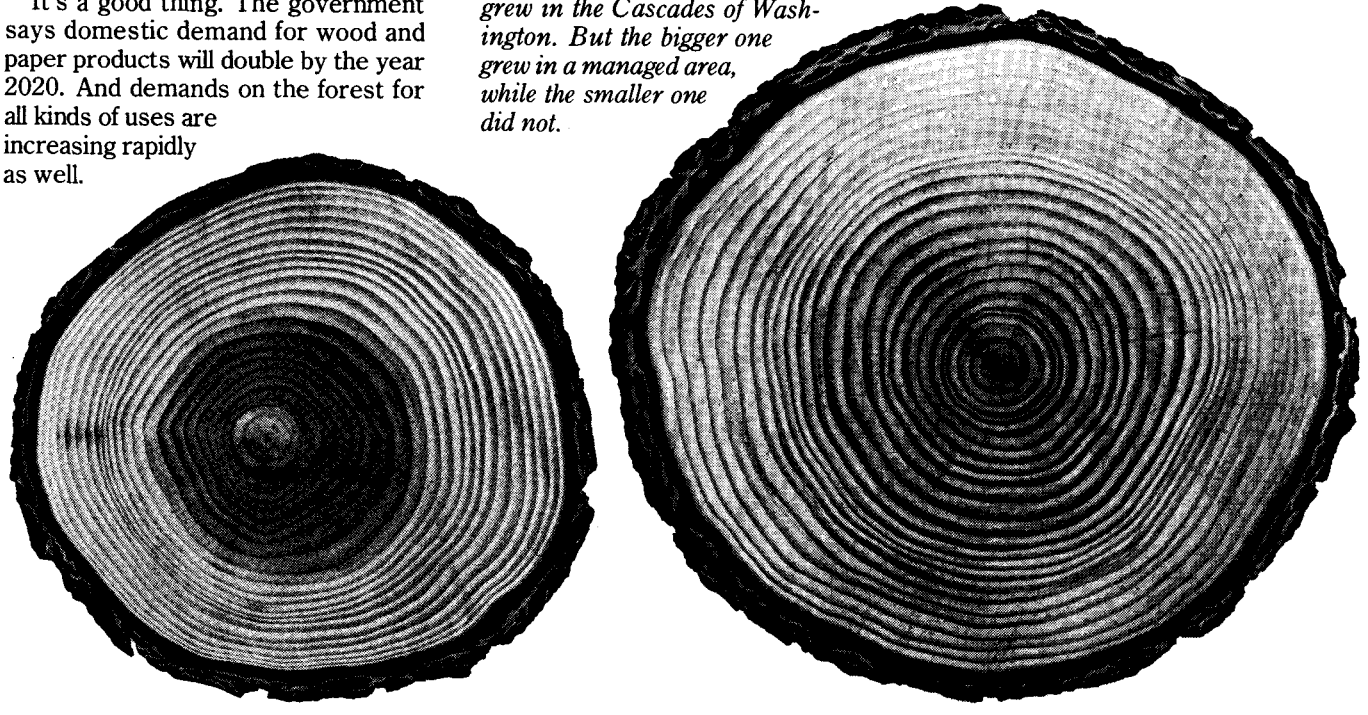
So there's progress in forest management along the Pacific Coast, and in forests all across the country. But we still have a long way to go.

For more information, write American Forest Institute, P.O. Box 873, Springfield, VA 22150.

**Commercial forest is forest capable of, and potentially available for, growing trees for harvest.*

American Forest Institute

Both these Douglas firs (each 26 years old and shown 35 percent of actual size) grew in the Cascades of Washington. But the bigger one grew in a managed area, while the smaller one did not.



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LIGHT REFRACTIONS

Flushed

by Thomas H. Middleton

IF YOU HAVE ever dropped a letter into a mailbox and then tried desperately to think of a way to get it back, you have some inkling of how I felt shortly after I sent in my column about Thomas Crapper, the English plumber who has been credited with the invention of the modern flush toilet.

It was my contention that Crapper never existed—that he was a hoax. I have been bombarded with constant reminders that I was dead wrong. The only balm I have for my wounds is that twice in that column I hedged my bet by sneaking in admissions that I might be mistaken.

One of the reasons I had for some confidence was that I'd been told Thomas Crapper's business still existed. I phoned London information, and the operator told me there was no listing at all under the name Crapper.

Between the time I sent the column in and the time it appeared in *SR*, I learned to regret my rashness. First, I bet a lawyer friend $10 that Crapper was a hoax. The very next day, after playing tennis with a young English friend, I asked if he'd ever heard of Thomas Crapper. He assured me that he had and that many of the johns (or loos, as he put it) in his public school were old-fashioned ones with the tanks high on the walls, and that he recalls with perfect clarity the name Thomas Crapper on many of those tanks.

A couple of days after that, I got a letter from Tom Burnam, the author of *The Dictionary of Misinformation*. Being thus reminded of that book, I pulled it from my shelves and looked up Thomas Crapper. I should have done that in the first place. Burnam definitely establishes Thomas Crapper as "(1837–1910), a sanitary engineer and inventor of such eminence and respectability that his firm achieved not one, but four royal warrants, allowing the use in advertising of the magic words 'By appointment to Her Majesty the Queen'."

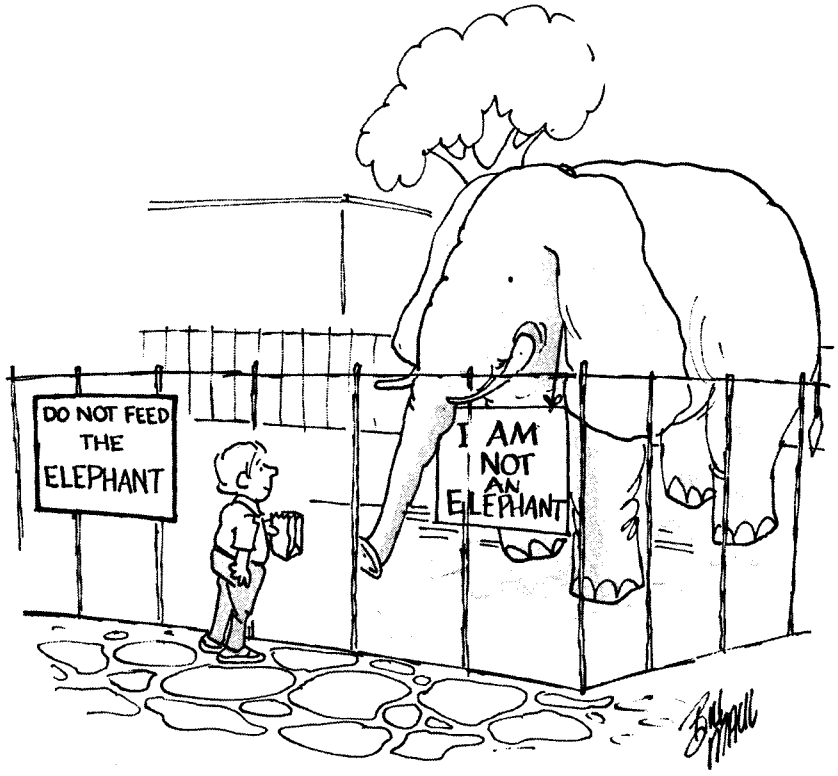
I phoned Tom Burnam, and he told me he had several documents relating to Crapper. At my request, he sent me 13 photocopied pages, including a copy of an indenture dated "the Eight [sic] day of April in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and seventy one," with the signature "Thos. Crapper" at the bottom.

Middleton's Axiom of the Mythological Nature of Thomas Crapper was taking a severe drubbing, and I began to dread the day of issue of that fateful *SR* which would proclaim my folly to the world. I mentioned my plight to another tennis-playing companion, whose scorn far overshadowed what compassion he might have felt. "You should have asked me," he said. "For a year I lived in a London flat less than two hundred yards from Thomas Crapper's establishment."

Disastrous coincidence piled on disastrous coincidence. The original incredible coincidence—the cause of my undoing—was that for centuries the word *crap* has had somewhat distasteful connotations and that among its meanings were "barnyard refuse" and "excrement," and that a man named Crapper actually did contribute significantly to the development of the modern flush toilet. The final incredible coincidence came as a sort of one-two *coup de grâce* to my assumption. During the short interval after I sent my column to *SR* and before its actual appearance in the magazine, Jack Smith, whose syndicated columns I have referred to admiringly, wrote a piece on Thomas Crapper, mentioning that he had suspected that Thomas Crapper was fictitious, a mildly vulgar hoax, but that to his surprise he had become convinced that Crapper actually existed and that a biography called *Flushed With Pride: The Story of Thomas Crapper*, by Wallace Reyburn, was reasonably accurate. Smith got so much mail on his first column that he then wrote a follow-up on the same subject. He had no way of knowing that he was having a rotten effect on my digestion as I read my newspaper while eating breakfast.

Thus, within a very short time after having composed my exposé of this hoax and of my exposé's having been set in type and dispatched on the one-way road to publication, the hoax managed to establish his own posthumous flesh-and-bloodness to me from every corner, not simply in private conversations and in Tom Burnam's *Dictionary of Misinformation*, but in two nationally syndicated columns.

I've paid my lawyer friend the $10; and, as for all of you who very kindly wrote to apprise me of the facts, I'm doing my damnedest to appreciate your thoughtfulness. ◉



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TOP OF MY HEAD

The Salt Talks

by Goodman Ace

TWO MEN, tops in their professions, have warned me to stop using ketchup with my daily meals. One is my doctor, the other is the man who cleans my neckties.

While their diagnoses were similar, their therapies had less in common. When I showed my cleaning man the untidy stains he had left on my neckwear, he said, "Ah yes, the ketchup syndrome. Ties do not take kindly to ketchup. The only thing I can prescribe is that you tuck a large napkin under your shirt collar to cover the full length of your tie."

I could live with that cure. Anything as long as they don't take away my ketchup. However, my doctor, as he took my pulse, passed the time by studying my necktie.

"Is that ketchup on your tie? Didn't I tell you to lay off ketchup because it contained sodium chloride? Salt, to you."

"Thank you, Doctor."

"If salt can do that to your tie, you can imagine what it does to your innards. Salt causes water retention, and in your case, where ketchup seems to be the main course in every meal, it aggravates your blood pressure. I've been a practicing physician for 25 years and I've never had a patient who disregarded constant warnings as you have. If anything untoward happens to you, it will be your fault, and besides that, I could sue you for malpractice."

"Listen, doctor, I've been a practicing patient for 40 years and I've never heard a doctor sentence a man to stop eating; but that's what you're doing to me, since ketchup is my staff of life from breakfast to dinner."

"What do you eat for breakfast?"

"That's my favorite meal. I start with a glass of orange juice, then scrambled eggs, a blueberry muffin, and a cup of java. Coffee to you, doctor. About a year ago I tried scrambled eggs without ketchup as you prescribed, and breakfast became the dullest meal of the day. Don't get me wrong, doctor, I respect your medical opinions, and when it comes to compassion, you are, if you'll pardon the expression, the salt of the earth. However, I'm going to give it another chance. Starting today it's going to be food without salt."

But I didn't start right away. I wanted to get a second opinion. And I did the next morning. I got it from Jack Kaplan, proprietor and your host of Kaplan's at the Delmonico, one of the finest and busiest deli-restaurants in New York City. "Custom Catering for the Carriage Trade" is the banner under which he operates. As I took my regular table in the front part of the restaurant, Mr. Kaplan, as usual, asked, "The usual?" I replied, "No more usual. What food do you have without salt?"

"Sugar," Mr. Kaplan replied. "All food contains some salt, from bread to our world-famous stuffed cabbage. What's your problem?"

"My doctor said I should change my eating habits. Especially ketchup on my eggs. No salt. What do you suggest?"

"Have you ever thought of changing doctors? Listen, why don't you just order your juice, blueberry muffin, and coffee?"

"Is that enough of a breakfast for a growing man?"

"As they say down in Texas, 'Enough is for poor folks.' Face it, you're living in a world of salt. Use it in moderation."

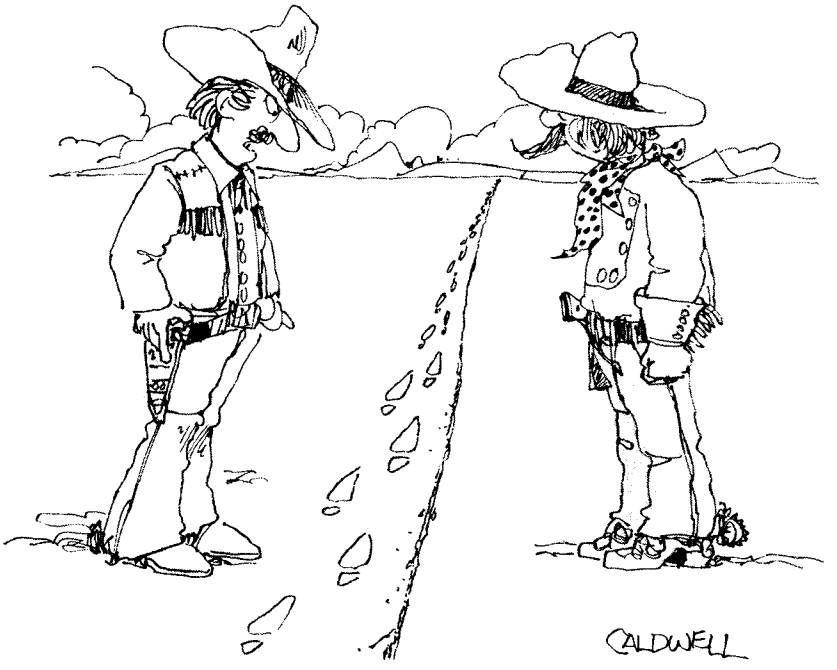
"Use it on what? As I see it, the only thing you can pour salt on is an open wound, which is what my doctor did when he gave me this prescription. And I suppose it's good in the winter to melt the snow on streets. And even then, when I took my dog for a walk and she had an urge to go to the powder room, she had to scratch through the snow to find it. When that salt got in her paws, you never heard such screeching and yowling."

"I hate to change the subject, but I do want a word with you about your blueberry muffins. If you really like them that much, why do you sit here making such an untidy mess, picking the blueberries out of your muffin instead of eating them?"

"I just don't like blueberries. I like the cake dough in a blueberry muffin."

"And I don't like what it does to the ambience of my restaurant. When people passing this window on 59th Street peer in to behold the unsightly spectacle of an elderly gentleman publicly denuding a blueberry muffin, it doesn't say much for my cuisine. I'll make a deal. If you'll sit farther back in the restaurant, I'll try to help you keep down your salt intake. And that reminds me of a very funny story."

The story was very funny. I would tell it to you here, but I'm certain my doctor would determine that the language is a bit too salty. ◉



Let's saddle up, old timer! He won't get very far draggin' that cello!

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Fill in your Beethoven

Romantics

243626. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Solti and the Chicago Symphony (London)

283846. Bizet: Symphony in C; Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian)—Stokowski, National Sym. Orchestra (Columbia)

240960. Borodin: Polovetsian Dances—and other Russian favorites (Night On Bald Mountain, etc.). Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

276808. Dvorak: Symphony No. 7—Giulini conducting London Symphony (Angel)

230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Bernstein conducts New York Phil. (Columbia)

262337. Elgar: Symphony No. 2—Solti and the London Philharmonic (London)*

230417. Franck: Symphony in D Minor—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)*

277392. Granados: Goyescas—"scintillating brilliance ...astonishing!"—*N.Y. Times* Alicia de Larrocha (London)

230391. Grieg: Piano Concerto; Rachmaninoff: Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini—P. Entremont, Ormandy cond. (Columbia)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

237743. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1,2; Enesco: Roumanian Rhapsodies 1, 2—Eugene Ormandy and Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

289892-289893. Liszt: Piano Music—fantastic performances by the legendary Erwin Nyiregyhazi (Counts as 2—Columbia)*

278564. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream (complete)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

232504. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

213330. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

176578. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; etc.—Gary Graffman; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

277038. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3—Lazar Berman; Abbado cond. London Sym. (Columbia)

203745. Rachmaninoff: Piano Sonata in B-Flat Minor; Three Etudes—Tableaux; Prelude in G Sharp; etc. —Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)*

230409. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—plus works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

274001. Saint-Saens: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 5 (Egyptian)—P. Entremont; Plasson, L'Orch. de Capitole de Toulouse (Columbia)

285411. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Raver (organ); Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

234237. Schumann: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1—Serkin; Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

276279. Schumann: Piano Sonatas No. 1, 2—Lazar Berman (Col./Melodiya)

278499. Sibelius: Symphony No. 1; Swan Of Tuonela—Stokowski, National Philharmonic Orch. (Columbia)

250795. Sibelius: Symphony No. 2—Tauno Hannikainen, The Sinfonia of London (Columbia Musical Treas.)

191007. Sibelius: Finlandia; Karelia Suite—also works by Grieg, Alfven. Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

225888. Smetana: Moldau; Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

268482. Johann Strauss: Tales From Vienna Woods; Die Fledermaus Overture; others. Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

275628. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Till Eulenspiegel; Don Juan—Solti conducting Chicago Sym. (London)

255620. Wagner: Organ Orgy—opera excerpts transcribed for organ! Anthony Newman (Columbia)

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218099. Haydn: Symphonies No. 94 (Surprise) **and 95**—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (Columbia)*

229658. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor)—Serkin; Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

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267963. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Artur Rubinstein; Zubin Mehta, Israel Phil. (London)

238436. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Rudolf Serkin; Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia)

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283788. Brahms: Tragic Overture; Variations On A Theme By Haydn; Academic Festival Overture—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

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237024. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

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250845. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Watts, piano; Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

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201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

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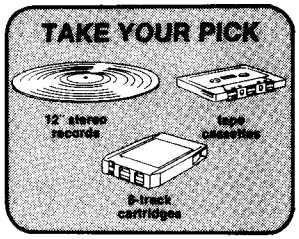

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SCIENCELETTER

Good News on Population

by Albert Rosenfeld

London

It looks as if the widely heralded population explosion may *not* explode after all. This is the essential piece of good news to emerge from a recent three-day conference on Developments and Trends in World Population, sponsored by the *Guardian* (of Manchester and London) and Third World Media, Ltd., in association with the UN Fund for Population Activities (UNFPA). Although the world's population will continue to increase, birth *rates* and fertility levels have suddenly been declining the world over, to create what even as cautious and conservative a population specialist as economist George J. Stolnitz of Indiana University characterizes as "an astounding turnabout in the world's demographic fortunes."

We have known for some time now that fertility rates have been dropping steadily in the United States and several European nations. However, according to French-born statistician-demographer Leon Tabah of the UN, the rates there have—to everyone's surprise—continued to decline instead of stabilizing at the replacement plateau (where the birth rate is just high enough to keep the population steady). A few nations, including West Germany, actually face decreases in their overall populations and are beginning to encourage parents to have more children again.

The real surprise, though, is what has been happening in the "developing countries" of the Third World. For some seven years now the World Fertility Survey, headquartered in London, has been carrying out a meticulous, long-range, country-by-country survey of fertility trends on every continent—though many countries are still missing, among them China and the USSR.

Looking over the data so far amassed, Sir Maurice Kendall, the distinguished statistician-economist who heads the survey's project, concludes that "a dramatic decline in fertility levels is under way in many parts of the developing world," even in the previously most rapidly breeding nations of Asia, Latin America, and North Africa. Moreover, in areas where contraceptive techniques are not yet fully understood or available, Sir Maurice reports, large percentages of those women who already have two children declare that they do not want any more.

What are the factors responsible for the apparent defusing of the much-feared population bomb?

A good many possible reasons—no one of which, of course, is universally applicable—were put forward at the conference: a later age for marrying, an increasing divorce rate, a decline in religious authority, the women's liberation movements, a more sophisticated sexuality accompanied by the easier availability of contraceptives, liberalized abortion laws, the higher cost of bearing and rearing children, lowered pressure on married couples to have children, a lesser *need* for many children as families increasingly migrate from farm to city, a diminished necessity—with decreasing childhood mortality—to have many babies in order to ensure that a few will survive. Some conference speakers were convinced that, when all these factors and more are taken into account, it is still evident that much of the fertility decline in many nations has been due to the adoption, as national policy, of family-planning programs. Where contraception is still frowned upon, the restrictions are largely due to religious bans. Reporting on progress in the Moslem world, Pakistani social demographer Attiyah Inayatullah said that "the time is right for Muslims to talk to Muslims" about population control.

As for Catholic population policy, Father Arthur McCormack, from Rome, one-time population advisor to the Vatican, said that an increasing number of ecclesiastics around the world were taking "the pastoral attitude" toward family planning—allowing "exceptions to the law in hard cases where it... seems morally impossible for couples... to observe the ban and at the same time maintain their loving relationship." Further, Father McCormack said, "Support from the Church for a government's population policy is perfectly possible, even if the policy is based on contraception."

The UN's Leon Tabah added that some 38 of the "developed" countries are operating officially sanctioned and supported family-planning programs. But even after adding the ingredient of family-planning programs to the mix of factors deemed partially responsible for the worldwide downturn in birth rates and fertility levels, nearly everyone at the conference felt that much still remained unexplained.

A tentative explanation of those elusive factors was offered by biologist-philosopher Jonas Salk, developer of the killed-virus polio vaccine; he suggested that the trend might be the result of an evolutionary imperative. Salk reminded the conference participants of what happens to fruit flies: Their populations start shooting up in what appears to be an exponential manner, but then reaches a "point of inflection" and levels off instead.

"Of course I'm okay. Whose serve is it?"

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Something happens, says Salk, something built in by biological nature, to stabilize the fruit-fly populations before they reach the "explosion" point. Salk theorizes that the same may be true of human populations—though not in the deterministic fashion of fruit flies. It would seem that, at our own point of inflection, our intelligence makes us aware of the peril and we exercise our free will to carry out our evolutionary imperative *as co-authors*, choosing survival over disaster.

It should be emphasized, however, that the trend indicates only that growth *rates* will slow down. But actual numbers of people in the world will keep going up substantially for some time to come. In addition to the continuing population rise (albeit at a lessened rate), especially in the developing countries, individuals will be around longer; for, while birth rates have been going down, so have death rates. As health programs improve, more and more lives are saved, particularly in the early years, with a consequent sharp rise in the average life expectancy. Although the earth's population, which reached the four-billion mark only in 1975, will not double by the year 2000 as originally projected and feared, even the lowest revised forecast still puts the estimated figure for the century's end at 5.8 billion.

These figures make it clear why we still cannot begin to relax. The defusing of the population bomb simply means that we have bought some time to avoid catastrophe; that the population in the year 2000 might conceivably be manageable—with some imagination and a lot of good luck.

A few indicative figures to highlight the new situation were offered by UNFPA's Executive Director, Rafael M. Salas:

In 1950, only four countries (China, India, the U.S., and the USSR) had populations exceeding 100 million. By 1975, the number had risen to seven (including Indonesia, Japan, and Brazil). By 2000, 11 will have made it, and two of them—China and India—will have *more than a billion people each*. The growth of cities will meanwhile reach magnitudes that will, in Salas's understatement, be "totally unfamiliar to town planners." The new urban supergiants will be, not New York and London, but Mexico City, which is projected to have 31.6 million inhabitants by 2000, and Tokyo-Yokohama with 26 million. And the growth rates, though not the actual numbers, of other cities will be even more phenomenal. The population of Greater Cairo, for instance—5.6 million in 1970—will probably triple, while the population of Lagos—only 1.4 million in 1970—will multiply almost seven times.

The population mix will change too. As more and more children are born, there will be a higher percentage of very young and dependent people in the world. And as more and more people, especially in the Third World, live to more advanced ages, there will also be a higher percentage of very *old* and dependent people. As sociologist-gerontologist Walter M. Beattie, Jr., of Syracuse University points out, this vast demographic shift will have profound and far-reaching policy consequences. His forecast, further, does not even take into account possible biological breakthroughs that could extend the lifespan beyond its current reaches.

All these people will, of course, continue to need food, housing, clothing, employment. They will continue to use up energy and other resources. This is why Lester R. Brown, president of Washington's nonprofit Worldwatch Institute and author of *The Twenty-Ninth Day*, doubts Stolnitz's prediction that the world's population will double again some time within the next century. Unless voluntary population curbs are effected, he says, famine, pestilence—and war, too, as competition for the earth's resources increases—will kill off people in large numbers. According to Brown, all our food and energy resources, except for minerals and petrochemicals, come from four biological systems—fisheries, forests, grasslands, and croplands—and all are being diminished steadily. Worse, at a time when more cropland is needed, more of it is being converted to such nonfarm uses as housing and industry; even in China, factories are being built on prime farmland.

Others at the conference, confronted by Brown's gloomy projections, said they were nevertheless hopeful about the future. Salk insisted that the outcome will be gloomy only if we fail to act with vigor and imagination; and he said that agitation and concern such as Brown's are only part of the natural perturbations to be expected at our present, evolutionary "point of inflection." Salk reminded everyone that half the Chinese ideograph for the word "crisis" means "challenge," and most participants in the conference seemed content to look at it that way. As the conference closed, even Lester Brown cautiously confessed that he, too, despite his apparently pessimistic forecasts, was at heart optimistic that, when the awareness of its true situation sinks in, the human species will be capable of acting intelligently in its own self-interest. ◉

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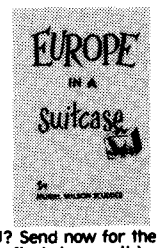

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Is Congress Obsolete?

by Tad Szulc

EMERGING FROM the Capitol shortly before eight o'clock on a Sunday morning last October, a red-eyed and exhausted senator stopped to talk to a friend before getting into his car for the drive home. In a hoarse whisper, he said: "You know, I've been in the Senate for 14 years, but I have never seen anything like the last 24 hours. This just can't be allowed to happen again." What the lawmaker didn't wish to see repeated was the paroxysm of wild, last-minute legislating that had held congressmen captive on the floor of both houses since early Saturday morning, with the midterm elections only three weeks away. In the course of an around-the-clock closing session, the Senate had passed 22 bills, and the House of Representatives 14, spending hours on countless amendments to such crucial legislation as those governing taxation and energy.

But this Congress, the 96th (in session since January 15), may very well conclude with the same eleventh-hour frenzy. The staggering volume and complexity of legislation, which was primarily responsible for its predecessor's last-minute snarl, is a problem that will not go away. The legislative burden, however, is only one cause of the disease with which Congress is now afflicted. The recent establishment of a vast system of subcommittees, intended to reduce the power of committee chairmen, has so diffused authority that crucial legislation is continuously being bottled up for months in subcommittees before emerging in barely recognizable form. Meanwhile, this same fragmentation is repeated in the members' ties to party and to ideology. On several occasions President Carter has found himself in the embarrassing position of depending on Republican votes to avert defeat, despite heavy Democratic majorities in both houses. And the one-issue candidate, with his nonchalance toward the broad ideals that have defined the two parties, has become a commonplace of political analysis. Finally, and perhaps most insidious of all, congressmen have become ever more dependent on lobbyists and special-interest groups for advice—even including instructions on how to vote—and for underwriting the skyrocketing costs of campaigns.

These problems, by and large, are not matters of happenstance; they are embedded in the structure of Congress and American politics. Looking toward the future with this in mind, one cannot avoid asking a fundamental question: Is Congress an obsolete institution? Without a radical change in the way that it governs, can Congress act as an efficient lawmaking body in the Eighties and beyond?

A midwestern senator sums up the situation in dismal tones: "We are losing control of what we are doing here ... there isn't enough time in a day to keep abreast of everything we should know to legislate responsibly, dealing with so many bills, having to attend so many committee and subcommittee meetings, listening to the lobbyists, having to worry about problems of constituents, and, of course, keeping a close eye on politics back home. You know, one *has* to get reelected...."

ANY ANALYSIS OF CONGRESS'S basic problems must begin with the incredible legislative burden that it now tries to shoulder. The numbers alone are overwhelming. In the 1977–78 session, congressmen introduced 22,313 public and private bills and resolutions. The House took 1,810 seriously enough to file reports on them, the Senate, 1,413. In the end, they passed 3,211 bills and resolutions, with 804 bills finally enacted into law. These figures included fundamental lawmaking, as well as such matters as providing for the display of the U.S.S. *Wyoming*'s nameplate, bell, and silver service at the Wyoming State Museum. And as if that weren't enough, the Congress had to act in the last two years to confirm 124,730 military and civilian nominations submitted by the President.

The problem of overwork is aggravated by the complexity of legislation, which has come more and more to embrace highly detailed, technically difficult issues. The 1978 tax bill, for example, was 184 pages long, though it was an amendment to the 1954 Internal Revenue Code rather than a new piece of legislation. Few congressmen could honestly claim to understand every ramification of the bill that they ultimately passed. Since every member of the Congress cannot be an expert in every field—most will carve out a specialty or two—the majority come to depend on the judgment of the recognized experts, their staffs, lobbyists, and representatives of special interests.

"I don't know what the answer to this problem can be," a young southern representative commented. "I try to do my homework, but, say, on taxes, I will be guided by the views of Al Ullman (chairman of the Joint Internal Revenue Taxation Committee) or Russell Long (chairman of the Senate Finance Committee). I have a legislative assistant boning up on taxation, and, like everybody else, I get my ear bent by lobbyists. In the end, I'm not sure if I vote intelligently

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every time, especially on the more complex issues."

Congressmen have taken to appointing more and more staff members in order to stem this vast tide of information. A full 5,000 staffers are now attached to congressmen, committees, and subcommittees. Their influence may be pernicious or benign; but in any case it is expanding rapidly, so that staffers have become the unacknowledged legislators of the Congress. Some are counted among the most powerful figures in Washington on particular topics. For example, Richard Perle, Senator Henry Jackson's (D-Wash.) principal adviser on defense issues, is credited with substantially influencing key arms-control thinking in the Senate, and has been called "the quintessential Washington operator." Many Capitol Hill experts give the credit for the 1978 energy compromise not to Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, Jr., but to his 25-year-old legislative assistant, Ariel Weiss. But whether staffers even fulfill their original purpose of saving their boss's time is open to doubt, since staff members are themselves responsible for more and longer bills, more hearings, more reports, more unfathomable issues.

'On lots of issues,' says a veteran representative, 'we go for the lowest common denominator so that we can legislate at all.'

Other efforts to deal with the flood of legislation have proved no more successful. The subcommittee system, greatly augmented by the post-Watergate "freshman class" of 1974, has smothered or splintered legislation more often than it has expedited it. The 96th Congress has inherited 29 standing committees and 151 subcommittees in the House, 21 committees and 112 subcommittees in the Senate (outnumbering the 100 senators), four joint committees, and seven joint subcommittees. The House also has six Democratic and Republican partisan committees, while the Senate has seven. The average representative sits on three subcommittees, the average senator, five. Not only do these groups-within-groups keep legislation holed up for as long as a year, but the tendency of their interests to overlap further adds to the confusion.

Most congressmen find themselves unable to devote adequate time and thought to their various assignments; instead, they flit in and out of hearings, spending an hour in a committee, and minutes in some of the subcommittees. "I can't be everywhere at the same time," a New York congressman said. "And I also have to race to the floor for quorum votes or votes on bills whenever that damned bell rings. It's insane."

A further attempt to deal with the huge volume of work is the so-called "suspension calendar." Under this procedure, originally intended to dispose rapidly of lesser legislation, the House sets aside part of Monday and Tuesday for floor votes without allowing amendments. But this aim is often subverted by the inclusion of important money bills that sneak past unwary congressmen on the suspension docket.

ONE OF THE MOST ALARMING ASPECTS of the functioning of Congress is the new primacy of lobbyists. An estimated 15,000 of them currently spend $1 billion a year pursuing congressmen around Capitol Hill, and probably another $1 billion a year for related activities in the home districts. The growing reach of Congress into highly specific, detailed legislation touching on the interests of particular groups has made this new muscle necessary for them; and this same complexity, forcing congressmen into the hands of technical experts, has made it possible. Whether he represents a defense contractor, a labor union, the association of restaurant-owners (who campaigned successfully against President Carter's attempt to remove tax deductions from "three-martini lunches"), or a public interest group, the lobbyist is the master of his subject. He may know even more about it than a Hill staffer. In this sense, he becomes a "technical adviser" to the congressmen, many of whom gladly accept his assistance.

"There is obviously no bribing," a senator said, "because the lobbyists and congressmen are, by and large, too sophisticated for such crude business. But lobbyists can be enormously convincing politically, outlining for their targeted congressmen the pluses and minuses, in terms of political impact in their districts, of how a vote is cast. And, believe me, it works."

It is a common sight in the lobbies of the House and Senate—literally—for groups of lobbyists to congregate before a vote and indicate with thumb-up or thumb-down signals what a member should do on the floor. Others do it from public galleries. William S. Cohen, the Maine Republican who was elevated last November from the House to the Senate, says that he developed the habit of hunching his shoulders and lowering his head as he made his way through clusters of lobbyists from the front door to the elevator. "I just didn't want to see their signals," he says.

A more recent innovation is the political action committee (PAC). Under the 1974 election law, corporations and unions can contribute $5,000 to as many PACs as they wish. Formed by corporate employees, trade groups, or stockholders, as well as by unions, close to 1,900 PACs contributed over $64 million to congressional candidates in the 1978 elections.

Though business PACs have been accused of giving to front-runners no matter what their affiliation, most of the giving is anything but indiscriminate. A study of federal election returns shows that committee chairmen received especially lavish gifts, and that the industries or professions for which the chairman legislated led the list of donors. The average House chairman received $45,000 from political committees, double the 1976 total. Thomas Foley (D-Wash.), chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, took in $145,000 from special interests, 57 percent of his campaign treasury. Rep. John M. Murphy (D-N.Y.), chairman of the Merchant Marine Committee, received nine contributions of $2,500 or over from maritime and transportation groups. Few of these congressmen even needed the money, since they were already outspending their opponents, and almost all won handily.

There is no question that lobbyists and special interests affect legislation. The most spectacular display of their power was mustered around the tough energy-conservation package that President Carter submitted to the Congress on April 20, 1977. It sought to curb the use of oil by taxing it at the wellhead and other measures. The bill was approved by the House in autumn of 1977, but it came unraveled in the Senate a year later, when special interests—oil and natural-gas companies and oil and gas-producing states among them—arrayed a formidable army against the Carter proposals.

The lobbyists advocated the deregulation of the price of natural gas, which the White House (at least at the outset) and consumer groups opposed, and the removal of the tax features of the bill. The legislation remained stalled for a year in Senate committees, then in House-Senate conferences, and finally in a House Ad Hoc Committee on Energy. The committee reached a compromise on the deregulation issue in early October, but the House didn't complete voting on the energy package until 7:30 AM on the last day of the session. (The Senate acted a few days earlier.) Though oil and gas interests professed dissatisfaction, they got what they wanted.

The session's other major piece of legislation, the tax re-

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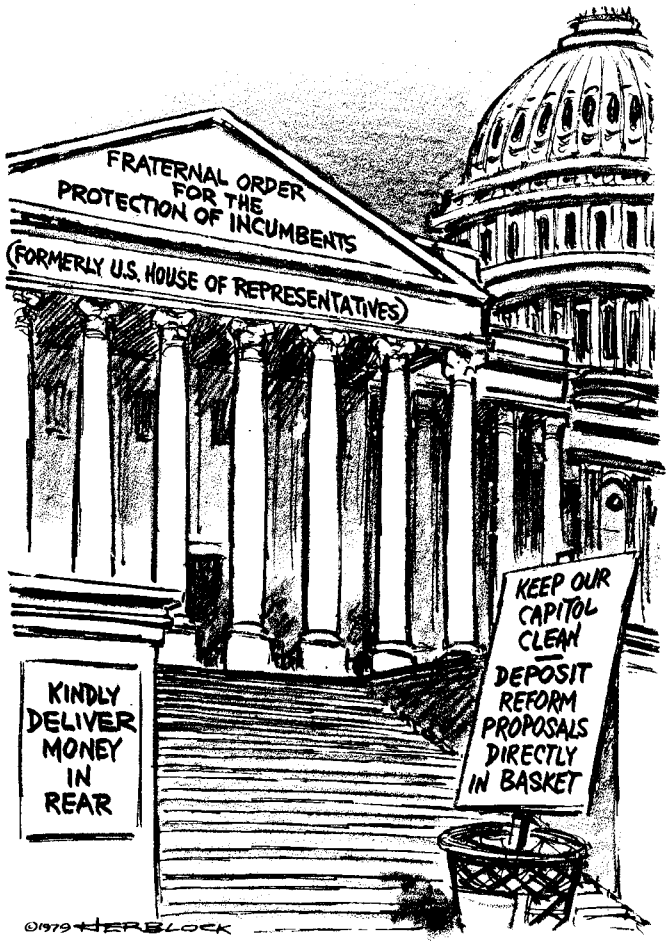
FRATERNAL ORDER FOR THE PROTECTION OF INCUMBENTS
(FORMERLY U.S. HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES)
KINDLY DELIVER MONEY IN REAR
KEEP OUR CAPITOL CLEAN — DEPOSIT REFORM PROPOSALS DIRECTLY IN BASKET
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form bill, was just as badly mauled. The legislation that finally emerged after a year's struggle in Senate and House committees and on the floor of both houses provided precious little relief for the average American family—and the rise in Social Security levies, particularly in a time of inflation, meant that most Americans would be even worse off than before. Only the powerful fared well: Rich taxpayers got a break on capital gains, while business received a cut in the maximum corporate tax rate.

While members of Congress lose sight of central concerns amid the vast welter of legislation and the badgering of lobbyists, consensus becomes an ever more evanescent ideal. Appeals to loyalty, either to basic principles or to the party that is supposed to embody those principles, simply do not carry the strength that they used to. President Carter's difficulty in gaining support for such issues as the energy and tax reforms, or the two Panama Canal treaties, was due not only to his lack of personal magnetism or shrewdness, but also to the growing resistance of congressmen to being mustered along party lines. The Canal treaties, for example, were ratified by exactly the required two-thirds majority only because Senate Minority Leader Howard Baker of Tennessee and a number of moderate Republican leaders concluded that the United States—and not the Carter administration—should be spared the foreign policy embarrassment of a rejection. Meanwhile, nine Democrats voted against the treaties.

On such issues as budget-cutting, tax reform, and defense spending, the distinction between the two parties has been blurred beyond recognition. This has led, paradoxically, to less cohesion rather than more, since loose ideological coalitions can form and dissolve around specific issues when parties fail to dictate clear and opposing points of view. "I'm no longer sure whom the Congress represents," says a veteran California representative. "It's getting to be more and more atomized. On lots of issues, we go for the lowest common denominator so that we can legislate at all."

Is it any wonder, then, that congressional elections rouse so little enthusiasm in the public? Only 37.9 percent of eligible voters went to the polls to elect the 96th Congress, the lowest midterm turnout since 1942. As recently as 1970, 43.5 percent of eligible Americans queued up at polling stations. A further depressing discovery is the massive number of young voters who declined to vote, a scant six years after the much-heralded lowering of the voting age to 18.

Nor is enthusiasm within the Congress itself running at a very high pitch. Fifty-eight members of the House, a record number, chose not to seek reelection in 1978. Three senators did likewise. The reasons ranged from frustration over a member's inability to influence legislation constructively, to just plain overwork, the sacrifice of family life, and—often—the realization that a congressman, particularly if he is a lawyer, can earn more money in private life.

IN THE END, there is no reason to expect that the 96th Congress will behave or perform any better than its predecessor. Aware as members are of all the shortcomings in the functioning of the Congress, there is no outlook for any serious changes or reforms. The truth is that few congressmen are prepared to upset the applecart: Their personal interests are, by and large, well served by the status quo.

One reform mentioned periodically is the extension of the House term from two to four years, so that congressmen can spend a smaller percentage of their terms worrying about reelection or mollifying the special-interest pressures emanating from the home district. But the extension of congressional terms can be accomplished only through a constitutional amendment, an idea received very coolly in Washington.

The sorry spectacle of a Congress unable to legislate has led some thinkers to advance truly radical proposals for reform. Retired Massachusetts congressman Michael Harrington has proposed "a distinctly American parliamentary setup," in which the President and the Cabinet would be selected by the Congress and serve concurrently with it. The Cabinet would take on many of the lesser responsibilities of Congress, which would then be free to engage in the kind of serious policy debate so rarely heard in its chambers. The executive and legislative branches would cooperate, of course, far more closely than they do today. Whatever the merits of this system, however, it is certain to be ignored by a body incapable even of minor reform.

Calls for change have been lukewarm at best. Meeting early in December, the Democratic Caucus agreed to limit service on House subcommittees to five panels per member, a minute improvement, and to reduce the time-wasting number of roll-calls (a suggestion since accepted by Congress). There are no other proposals to win action.

With the next presidential and congressional elections less than two years away, the harsh realities of politics combined with the inertia already paralyzing Capitol Hill should prevent Americans from expecting too much from their beleaguered lawmakers. It would be a near-miracle if a sensible compromise emerges on national health legislation, one of the priorities in the 96th Congress. Action may be required to cope with the worsening energy crisis, but it could be just a rerun of the 1978 stalemate. The same may apply to possible anti-inflation legislation. The Senate ratification of the new arms agreement with the Soviets is a toss-up. The legislative logjam shows no sign of unclogging. Leaders will go on with uphill battles to corral majorities.

It looks like bad business as usual for the 96th Congress. ◉

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Solar Eclipse: Our Bungled Energy Policy

by Steven Ferrey

AMERICA IS TEETERING on the brink of an energy revolution. Our first great step forward, from wood to coal, ushered in the Industrial Revolution and built our cities. Our second, the harnessing of electricity, provided the dramatic innovations of lighting, air conditioning, and automation. The third, the use of petroleum to power the automobile, created unprecedented individual mobility, spreading our population across the continent. And now our fourth—solar energy—"could perhaps do more to improve the material well-being of mankind, without increasing his tensions, than any other good available," says leading alternative-energy authority William Heronemus.

But America is teetering. While environmental groups, aided by a number of congressional leaders and local officials nationwide, have been strongly promoting a radical expansion of solar research and development, the overlord of official policy, the Department of Energy, together with some of the massive oil and gas companies that have been hedging their bets with large nuclear investments, has put up a stiff resistance against this upstart technology. Experts throughout the energy field agree that solar's time will come; but whether that time begins now, or is to wait until the next century, is being decided today in Washington. President Carter claims to be a solar enthusiast, and Energy Department Secretary James Schlesinger has spoken in a guarded way about the virtues of a solar future. But an attachment to traditional energy sources, above all to nuclear energy, has left solar underfunded and underplanned, and has afflicted the solar industry with acute sales anemia.

Only five years ago, solar power was regarded as a Buck Rogers concept belonging to the 21st century. But the Arab oil boycott of 1973, and the subsequent doubling of oil prices, suddenly made alternative energy sources a great deal more attractive. The logic of solar is ineluctable: Two weeks of sunshine contain as much potential energy as all known global reserves of fossil fuels; solar energy leaves no pollution behind; and the sun's rays are inexhaustible.

The last few years have seen remarkable progress with a host of solar technologies. It is now cheaper to supply 10,000 homes with solar water-heating facilities than to build a new generating facility to heat their water electrically. Solar space-heating follows close behind. Homes in which walls and floors act as solar collectors may incur only half the heating costs of conventional structures, with little additional expense for construction. Over 50,000 solar dwellings already exist. California Governor Jerry Brown plans to solarize 1.5 million of that state's 7 million homes by 1985.

The technological mysteries that shrouded solar energy less than a decade ago have been dispelled. The question that must be faced today is not whether solar devices can be fabricated, but whether they can be made at competitive costs. Even this final barrier grows less imposing by the day. A recent study by Cornell University economist Duane Chapman indicates that solar technologies *already* provide cheaper heating than new synthetic fuels, nuclear plants, or Alaskan gas, if one deducts the subsidies, primarily in the form of tax breaks, enjoyed by these latter. The cost of photovoltaic cells, which convert solar energy directly to electricity, has decreased by 20-fold since they were first used a few years ago to power American space satellites. Leading solar experts believe that five years of mass production could reduce photovoltaic prices yet another 20-fold. Congress takes this estimation so seriously that last October it passed a bill directing the government to stimulate mass production by spending $1.5 billion on photovoltaic cells over the next decade. Moreover, solar enjoys widespread support: A 1978 Harris poll revealed that 94 percent of Americans favor rapid development of solar power.

YET THE CARTER administration has done little to substantiate its official advocacy of solar. The Department of Energy has not only declined to initiate any major solar legislation, it has actually opposed a number of such bills when they have appeared in Congress. The DOE has also adopted a remarkably dim view of solar's immediate future: While the President's Council on Environmental Quality has predicted that solar resources could meet 25 percent of U.S. energy needs by the year 2000, DOE has only recently raised its projection from 8 percent to 12 percent. And finally, a remarkably high proportion of the research and development funds that the department allots to solar power have been given to the large energy conglomerates, who tend to be less innovative than smaller firms, and might be inclined to stifle, rather than nourish, a competitive technology.

For an industry still in its infancy, the most crucial inducement to growth is R and D funding; and here DOE has shown itself to be extremely reluctant to make a commitment to solar. The fiscal year 1978 budget, the first over which the new administration could exercise any real control, devoted only 16 percent of its R and D monies to renewable resources. DOE's proposed 1979 R and D budget of $2.7 billion originally in-

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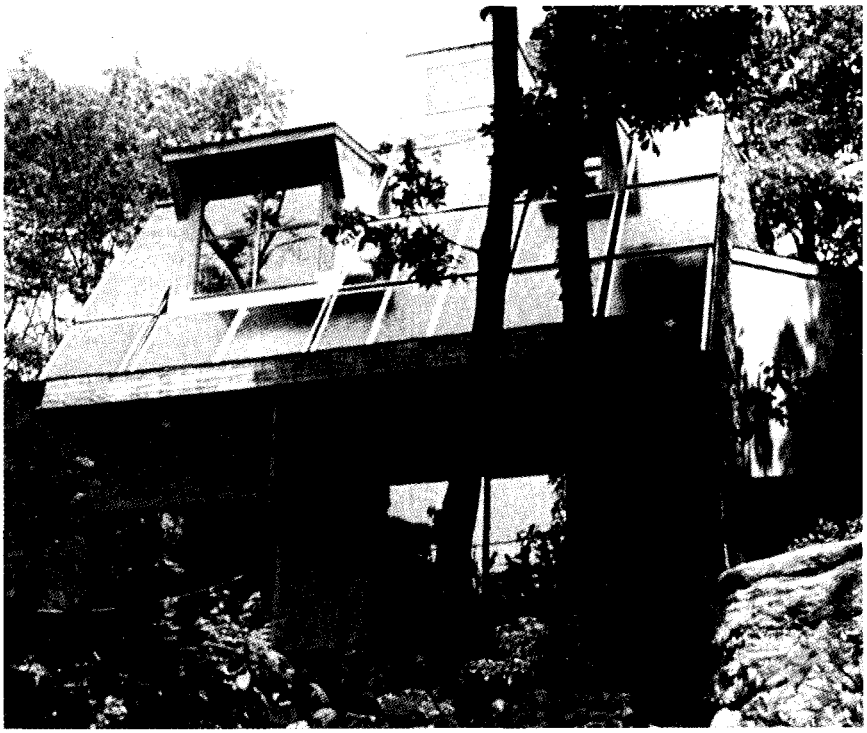
ROBERT PERRON, FROM SOLAR HOUSES (PANTHEON BOOKS)



Solarized home—Cleaner and cheaper than most traditional alternatives.

cluded less than $400 million for solar, a sum that would actually have cut funding if another $100 million had not been added later. The additional funds were included only after the budget met severe bipartisan criticism in Congress. And 1980 figures appear to follow the same pattern. Although Schlesinger stated that the solar budget would be doubled in 1980, he reportedly requested only $750 million and received $650 million.

DOE's lukewarm commitment seems hard to explain in the face of solar's tremendous promise. But the department has another darling: nuclear power, once the grand destiny of atomic development, which is now apparently facing extinction.

ALTHOUGH DOE's primary concern remains the exploration and extraction of such traditional fuels as coal, oil, and natural gas, nuclear energy has always held the place of privilege among the more novel energy sources. The same 1979 budget that provided $500 million for solar devoted $1.2 billion to nuclear R and D. The nuclear breeder reactor program, which Carter has vowed to terminate, will still receive more money this year than all solar projects combined.

Even with these substantial subsidies, the nuclear industry is rapidly becoming an anachronism. A recent analysis by Rand Corporation statistician William Mooz shows the construction costs of nuclear plants to be doubling every five years. At this runaway rate of inflation, a nuclear power plant begun today could be a hopeless economic proposition by the time it was completed. That syndrome is already at work: In the last four years the nation's utilities have canceled 22 nuclear-plant orders while placing only four that remain feasible.

If nuclear's economy looks bad, its safety record is even more worrisome. After extensive hearings last year, the House Government Operations Committee concluded that "There is no demonstrated technology for permanently and safely disposing of this waste. ... So long as this problem remains unresolved, the public's health and safety and the viability of nuclear power in this country are threatened." Six states, including California and New York, have already imposed moratoria on any future construction of nuclear facilities. Department of Energy deputy secretary Jack O'Leary observes somberly that "Unless something happens quickly, nuclear power in this country is dead."

Yet dire predictions of this sort have not deflected DOE from its nuclear course. O'Leary himself pledges that legislation to speed the construction of nuclear power plants will be the administration's "top energy priority of 1979." In addition, the administration proposes to be the exorcist for the as yet undisposable commercial nuclear waste material.

Exactly how long the Energy Department can continue to feed the one industry from the plate of the other remains to be seen, but a recent attempt to do so has turned into the most embarrassing incident in the agency's brief life. President Carter's energy legislation, passed last September, requires DOE to guide a state-by-state effort to change electricity rates so as to encourage conservation and solar energy use. Solar enthusiasts considered this a major breakthrough—that is, until last November, when DOE handed over responsibility for the development of the program, along with half a million dollars, to a company knee-deep in both electric utilities and nuclear power, Stone & Webster.

Since that time, consumer groups have uncovered one conflict of interest after another in the awarding of the contract. In 1977, two of Stone & Webster's wholly owned subsidiaries received $94 million worth of consulting fees from the very utilities whose interests are affected by this program. Stone & Webster Engineering is dependent for a significant portion of its business on the management of nuclear power plant construction for utilities. Another subsidiary actually engages in joint ventures with these utilities, and vice-presidents of Stone & Webster simultaneously serve as officers of at least one utility. It is well known that these same utilities lobbied fiercely to defeat the pricing reforms, designed to give a boost to solar, in Carter's energy legislation. Besides all this, Whitney Stone, chairman of the executive committee, along with two of his sisters, is the largest noninstitutional shareholder in the Virginia Electric & Power Company. It all adds up to appointing the wolf to guard the sheep.

Stone & Webster made no disclosure of these or other possible conflicts, as required by federal law. Given the company's respectable reputation, DOE never asked about possible conflicts, even though many are documented in their own files. The 1974 Federal Energy Administration Act requires that contracts involving a conflict of interest be either terminated or balanced so as to achieve fairness; but after public interest groups notified DOE of the problem, the agency did nothing. Now the issue threatens to become a major public embarrassment; at the time of this writing, several congressmen and public interest groups had called for a congressional investigation of the contract.

What is behind this conspicuous neglect is nothing so spectacular as scandal or collusion; it is rather the fact that the officials presiding over this great historical change have been unwilling or unable to break old alliances. Presi-

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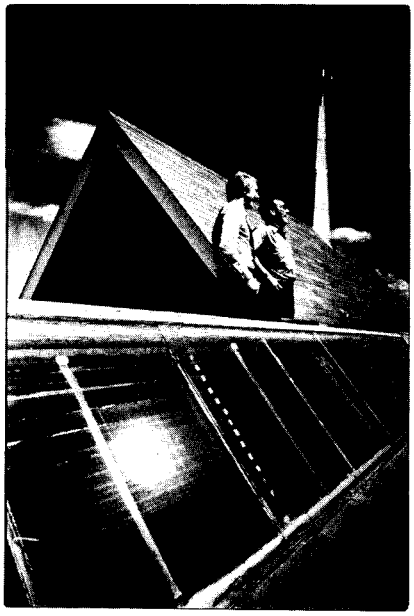
dent Carter's choice to head the Energy Department, James Schlesinger, served Presidents Nixon and Ford as chairman of a pro-nuclear Atomic Energy Commission (AEC). Schlesinger has mixed general hortatory comments about solar's potential with grim forecasts of its immediate prospects. Last summer he described solar development to a policy review group as "a necessary adventure in American life if we are to preserve the rudiments of our lifestyle and the flourishing of our economy." Yet, while agreeing that solar's competitiveness is severely hampered by the subsidies given to oil and gas, Schlesinger has deprecated solar energy by saying that its "cost-effectiveness is limited by and large to certain household uses.... The solar contribution in the household sector alone, while significant, will never resolve our national energy problems."

Schlesinger's top aides have equally lengthy backgrounds working with traditional energy sources. General counsel Lynn Coleman worked for John Connally's law firm, where he lobbied before government agencies on behalf of Exxon, Mobil, Shell, Texaco, and Union Oil. Deputy Secretary Jack O'Leary is a hard-liner from the AEC. O'Leary gratified the American Public Power Association in a speech last October with the news that solar power had no place in the 20th century. This contradiction of official policy induced Congressman Richard Ottinger (D-New York) to write to President Carter demanding O'Leary's resignation.

OF COURSE, solar energy can't be ignored forever, and the energy giants know it. While on the one hand they do their best to deride this upstart—a recent Mobil ad characterized solar energy as pure fantasy—on the other, they have quietly begun buying their way into the field. Among the 10 companies earning the largest solar revenues in 1977 were Exxon (through its Daystar and Solar Power subsidiaries), General Electric, General Motors, Alcoa, and Grumman. Such giants as Westinghouse, Bechtel, and Lockheed are not far behind. Oil companies have also begun to acquire major solar firms. In addition to Exxon's acquisitions, leading solar companies such as Tyco Laboratories and SES Systems have been taken over by Mobil and Shell, respectively.

DOE, meanwhile, has encouraged this trend by handing out contracts for gargantuan-scale space-age ventures to giant firms, energy conglomerates foremost among them. It is currently funding a $123 million "power tower" designed by McDonnell Douglas Corporation in California's Mojave Desert, despite strong criticism of the project as "economically unpromising" from the White House Office of Science and Technology Policy.

Even more exotic is federal research aimed at launching a two-mile-wide solar satellite into space. At a staggering cost which could approach $25 billion, the satellite would beam collected solar energy by microwave radiation back to a 55,000-acre earth receiving station. The



CHRIS JOHNS

Solar benediction—a church in Kansas.

solar satellite, promoted by a consortium of aerospace companies, has been soundly criticized by public groups as an outrageously expensive attempt to monopolize the sun.

This attraction to the superproject and the giant corporations poses several grave problems, outside of the intrinsic quality of the projects themselves. First, it tends to stifle innovation by reversing the slow, evolutionary process that leads to technological breakthrough. As Jerry Plunkett, head of the Montana Energy Institute and frequent solar expert witness in Congress, observes, "Solar R and D is completely misdirected. DOE wants to build a 747 before they'll fly any plane at all." Plunkett goes on to point out that the majority of technological innovations have come not from the giant laboratories but from "unrecognized inventors" working independently. Furthermore, as the solar field becomes more and more concentrated, the sort of competition that stimulates invention will wither away.

The second problem, however, may prove even more critical. Until the development of solar appears to be inevitable, it will remain more profitable for the energy conglomerates to throttle rather than promote its development. Their oil and gas investments will not be threatened in the foreseeable future; but these same companies also dominate the nuclear field. According to a 1977 Washington *Post* story assembled from government figures, five oil and gas companies control 62 percent of uranium-processing facilities, while 12 such firms own 51 percent of the known uranium in American fields. An abandonment of nuclear projects would clearly constitute a painful separation for these companies.

THE DEPARTMENT of Energy now claims to have seen the light, although it has barely raised the solar budget, and failed to cut nuclear, for 1980. Last summer the President convened a special Cabinet-level Domestic Policy Review (DPR) to advise him of methods to speed the competitive commercialization of solar energy. These recommendations will soon result in a major solar policy statement by the President.

But even this step in the right direction may prove unsteady. Solar authorities were discouraged by the version of the DPR solar report released to the public. Expert Amory Lovins called it "a largely vacuous and uncreative exercise in ducking the big issues that are the focus of internal debate and will ... go to the President for decision."

The executive branch continues to stand in the way of congressional attempts at boosting solar power. Bills to make loans to small solar businesses, to develop inexpensive mass-produced photovoltaic solar cells, and to solarize new military housing recently were enacted into law despite administration resistance. Congressman Robert Drinan labels the administration's position as "Hypocrisy ... characterized by glowing rhetoric on solar energy, but little meaningful action."

In these early days, we enjoy an unprecedented opportunity to guide the course of our own energy revolution, perhaps the last such transition upon which the nation will have to embark. The administration's misguided solar policy has not only obstructed this great change, but may have fumbled an irretrievable opportunity to direct technological change for the public good. ◉

Steven Ferrey is the staff counsel for the National Consumer Law Center, and has served on the President's Domestic Policy Review of solar energy. His articles have appeared in the New York Times, *the* Nation, *and elsewhere.*

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SINFONIA in G Major
SINFONIA in A Major
Maurice **ANDRE**, Trumpet
Pierre **PIERLOT**
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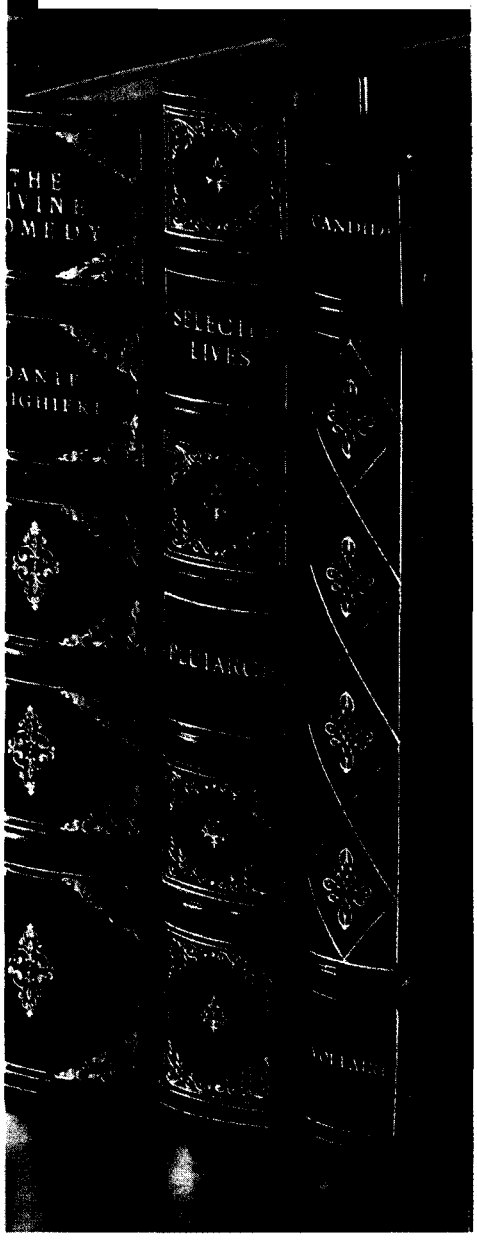

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PLUGGED IN PLEASURES

The Age of Electronics, ushered in with miracle and wonderment, has now been domesticated for everyday use. In the following special section *Saturday Review* examines these new audiovisual facts of life. Owen Edwards leads off with a tour through the forest of home entertainment gadgetry. Then Roland Gelatt describes the unlikely combination of technical and artistic wizardry and unscheduled chaos which leads to the completion of an opera recording. And finally Irving Kolodin gazes, not without dismay, upon the giant industry of classical music recording.

ELECTRONIC EVENINGS

TUNE IN, TURN ON, BLISS OUT

BY OWEN EDWARDS

WHEN A MAN'S castle was his home, the problem of filling the long, nonelectrified evenings with pleasure was easily solved. To divert your thoughts from the damp drafts that found their way around the tapestries (if you were a well-to-do noble, which of course you were), you had but to hire a master of entertainment, a kind of Renaissance Fred Silverman, who would make it his business to know who had recently played the palace, and how well.

If your master of entertainment was worth his keep, he would fill your nights with the sounds of the lute, the krummhorn, and the racket, with acrobats and tumbling dwarfs, with troupes acting out the tragedies of kings long gone, with gavottes and galliards, with the thrilling—and always to be continued—songs of bards. And a pox on boredom.

Demotic and democratic modern times diminished the options of in-home entertainment, until, in the Fifties, problems of choice neared the vanishing point. There were radio (AM, high infidelity); records (10 to a symphony); and the fickle, flickering eye of television (Uncle Miltie, et al.) Beyond these lay the dark terrain of gin rummy and family conversation. But now, as the Seventies end, a new age of idle pleasures is bursting upon us, one of such tumultuous variety and technical virtuosity that within a year or two the problem will not be to find enough entertainment, but to find enough time to enjoy ranks of electronic wizardry.

The future is very much upon us, and it has already transformed those simple mid-century pursuits—radio, records, and television. There is, for instance, a Technics stereo tuner, flat as a flagstone, that can be programmed to follow up to 32 instructions, allowing you to schedule automatic station changes for a week. No more of that quaint business of looking through FM listings at six in the evening, then dial-fiddling to get Mahler's Fifth at seven and Schubert's Fourth at nine. Now, controlled by a winking digital clock, the once humble radio will lock onto the frequency spelled out in your master plan, turn on your tape recorder for the appropriate duration, start up your television set if you've selected a musical simulcast, and activate your percolator if you want to make the event a coffee concert.

The possibilities for video are even more remarkably enhanced. That simulcast can be enjoyed lifesize on a giant Advent projection screen; after all, why go through life viewing Mehta as Munchkin? Simulcasting itself is a somewhat primitive way of improving television's single channel, high-fidelity sound by utilizing stereo radio signals, but it is very much a sometime thing. Never mind. Within a year, the Japanese plan to introduce TV sets with two-channel capability, and AT&T has already applied to the Federal Communications Commission for permission to transmit stereo signals to television stations. The enlivening of concerti is a given, but just imagine the sonic splendor of a car chase.

As if to eliminate the poignancy of fleeting moments from modern life, there seems now almost nothing that can't be recorded for perpetual review. Videotape recorders can be set a week in advance to select channels and capture up to four hours of programming. Interfamily program conflicts, that great bone of collective contention in late 20th-century America, are imminently obsolete, since it's possible to watch one show while your clever videotape machine silently records another. Before long the capability of presetting TV recording machines will extend into weeks, perhaps even months. According to John Snell, an independent video editor and producer and a man of as-

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tonishingly many electronic parts, "You can easily manage never to miss anything you want to see."

Even the software hardship of having to watch programming sanctioned by those mysterious Nielsen families is also passé. On one hand, there are such counternetwork pastimes as Cablevision and its offspring, Home Box Office, which, in combination with videotape, make it possible to record movies still warm from their first runs, or assemble an impressive library of blue fantasies in lavish and lascivious color. On the other hand, there are prerecorded tape cassettes available in increasing variety that will give you everything from Chaplin to Chopin to Frazier and Ali. And on the third, anatomically anomalous hand, there are the soon-to-be marketed video disc systems produced by RCA, Magnavox, and Pioneer, which RCA president Edgar H. Griffiths predicts will be a multibillion-dollar business by the time the 1980s roll around.

The American public's traditional preference of disc recordings over tape will probably tilt the market somewhat away from the current domination by Sony's Betamax and Mitsubishi's Video Home System and RCA's own Selectavision tape systems. The RCA disc set-up differs significantly from Magnavox and Pioneer machines; it uses a diamond stylus similar to that on a record player, rather than the more sophisticated MCA/Philips laser tracker of the latter systems. The RCA will cost about $400, $300 less than the Magnavox, and less than a third of the price of most current tape systems. The discs are expected to cost between $10 and $17—not cheap, but a good buy considering the fact that you will now be able to slip Hindemith's *Four Temperaments* out of its dust jacket, put it on a turntable, and watch the New York City Ballet's Suzanne Farrell perform Balanchine's exquisite choreography in closeup as you listen to the music. The prices of both hardware and software of all sorts will doubtless come down in the future, but even now, according to Snell, home entertainment as an addiction is "no more expensive than heroin."

Clearly, all these are not-so-simple pleasures. We'll need help if we are not to squander our leisure hours massaging our media machinery. And, I suggest, we will get it, in the person of a modern-day master of entertainment—who will probably be called something like a "family diversion coordinator"—a complication added to our lives to simplify another complication. At the beginning of each month, as I envision the procedure, the FDC of your choice will

MARY ANNE SHEA

come to your place, go over the full spectrum of FM, TV, HBO, UHF, and CTV schedules with you and your family, just as a butler might go over a weekly menu with the lady of a well-run English household. In addition, he will discuss new tapes and discs on the market, and mention games that match your children's educational leanings. Since the FDC will have had extensive interviews with each family member at the outset of his contract period, he will be able to make suggestions based on the personality profiles he has assembled. After a few months of calculated trial and error, he'll probably put together an abbreviated monthly entertainment schedule no more vexing than the sort of guide you get in an airliner to tell you what's playing in the arm of your seat. The visits of the FDC will be limited to his first-of-the-month appearance to program your various audio and video units, but he will be an essential member of that team of professional therapists who help the modern man or woman through life, the lawyers, internists, accountants, travel agents, insurance agents, interior decorators, Avon ladies, garage mechanics, stockbrokers, dentists, caterers, car salesmen, and spirit merchants without whom our passage through this vale of tears would be unthinkable. In the manner of taxation and foreign policy, he will be abstract, not the jolly purveyor of frolic and festivity that the master of entertainment must have been four centuries ago. But the FDC will be loved, in an abstract way, for his knowing presence, for the simple reassurance that we will not have to face the awesome maelstrom of home entertainment on our own. ◉

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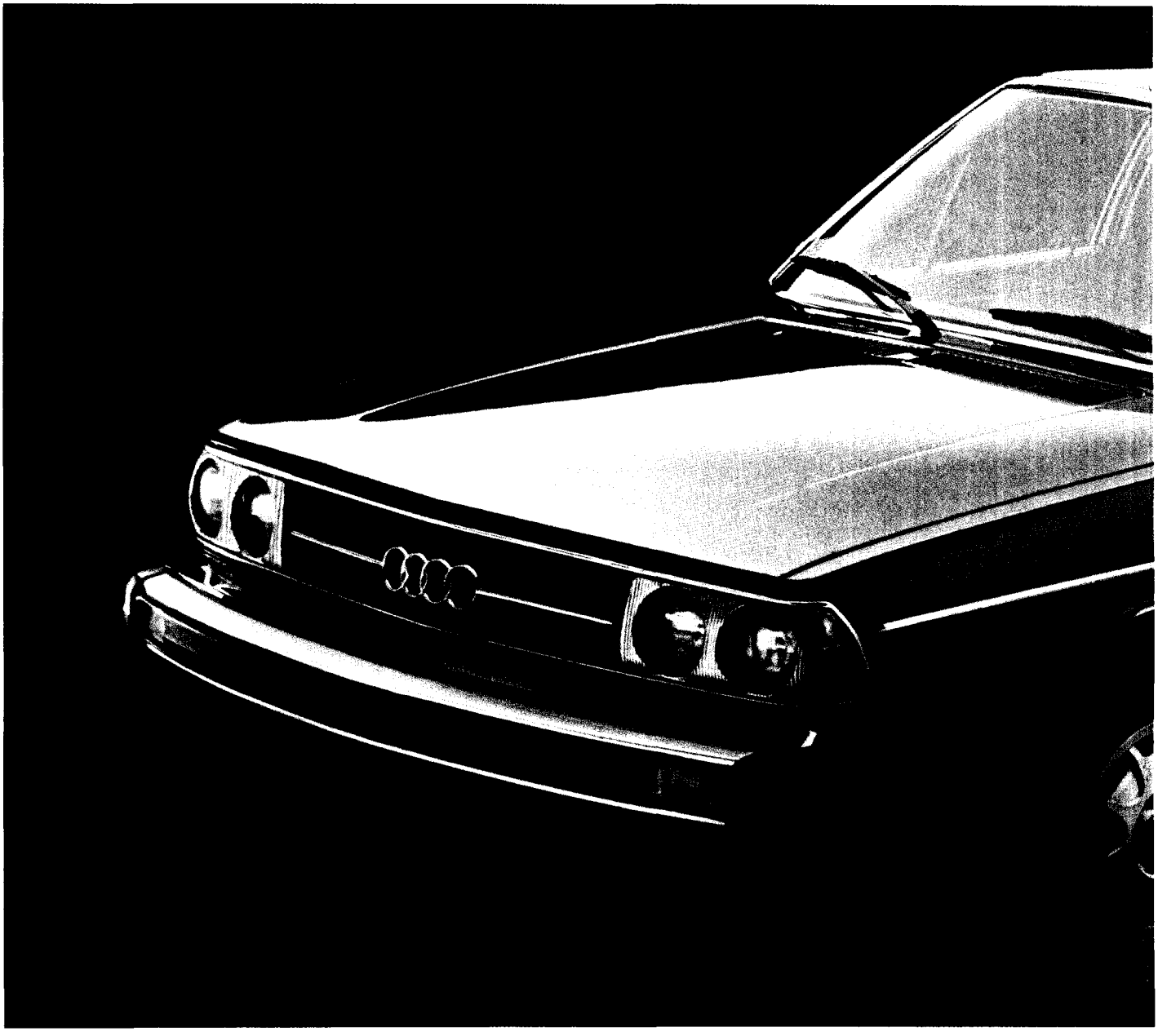

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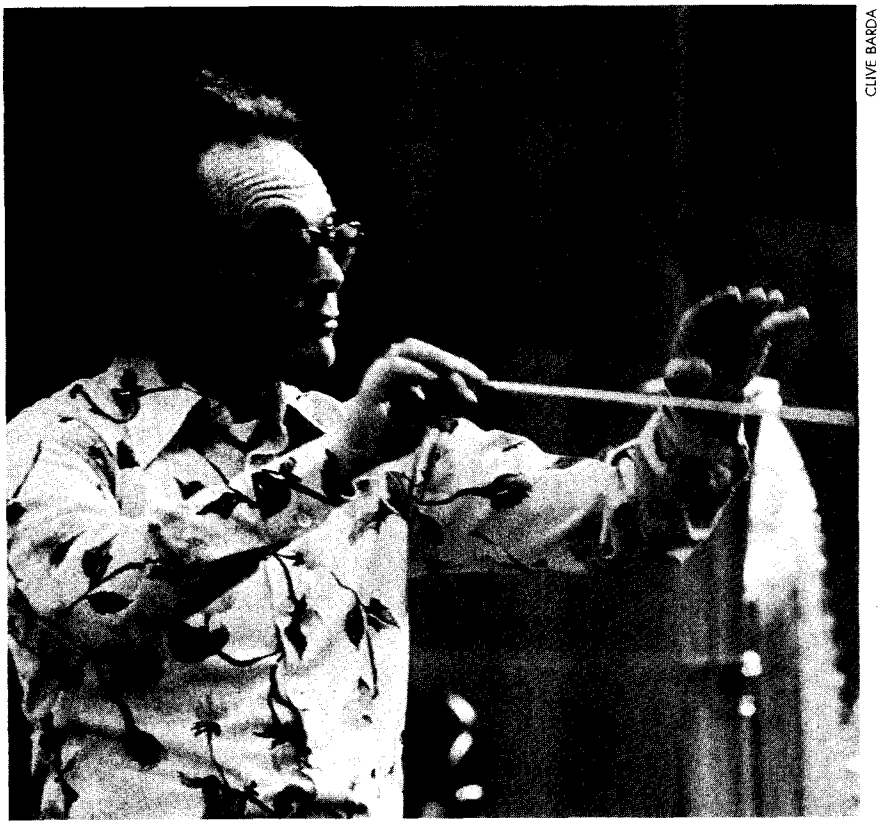
OPERA FROM Z TO A

BY ROLAND GELATT

WHEN COLUMBIA DECIDED to re-enter the opera recording business in 1974, the company did so gingerly, beginning with such esoteric pieces as Jules Massenet's La Navarraise *and Puccini's* Suor Angelica. *After the success of these and then several better-known works, Columbia, at the urging of classical music director Paul Myers, decided to hazard a major work—*Madame Butterfly. Saturday Review *contributing editor Roland Gelatt was in London at the time, and witnessed the helter-skelter process of recording an opera.*



CLIVE BARDA

Lorin Maazel leads the London Philharmonia through a recording of Butterfly

THE PROJECT initially came up for discussion the summer of 1976, when soprano Renata Scotto and conductor Lorin Maazel were working in London on the *Suor Angelica* recording. La Scala was then negotiating with them to take part in a new production of *Butterfly* in February 1978, and Myers put forward the idea of recording it in Milan at the same time. In the end, both Maazel and Scotto opted out of the La Scala production, but the dates they had blocked off for Milan were still open. Myers decided to go ahead with the *Butterfly* recording just the same, in England rather than in Italy.

Wheels began to turn early in 1977. With a conductor and soprano already accounted for, the most pressing order of business was to engage a tenor. Myers's choice for Pinkerton was Placido Domingo, but his calendar around the time of the proposed sessions was already very full. In the end he agreed to find two days—but only two days—in his busy schedule for the London sessions. Now, with his three principals under wraps, Myers could book an orchestra (the London Philharmonia, of which Maazel is chief guest conductor), a chorus, and a favored studio: the All Saints' Church in the London suburb of Tooting. The rest of the cast would fall into place later. Meanwhile, a detailed recording plan had to be put together.

Studio recordings of opera are seldom if ever made sequentially. Instead of proceeding from overture to final curtain, they are assembled in a seemingly crazy-quilt pattern, designed in response to various imperatives. First, it is essential to make the most efficient use of the cast—to maximize human resources, in the jargon of the experts. If you are paying a large chorus by the hour, you will not want it hanging around while the soprano records her solos; instead you will group the choral sections together in order to get those 40 or 50 singers off your payroll as quickly as possible. The availability of performers also influences the recording schedule. If your leading tenor can give you only two days of his time, you will have to record every part of the opera in which he appears during that period. The frailty of human flesh must be taken into account. If your soprano has to record taxing music on Tuesday, you will want to lighten her load on Monday. Finally, the schedule will reflect a long-established rule of thumb that three hours in the studio (the standard length of a recording session) cannot be expected to yield more than about 15 minutes of usable tape.

The original plan for Columbia's *Butterfly* could be used as a textbook illustration of these principles. As devised by Vivienne Taylor, Myers's coolly capable administrative manager in London, the schedule started off with Domingo's two days in London. Scheduling a tenor as intensively as this can be fraught with peril. Four sessions of three hours each in the space of two days, compounded by transatlantic flights before and after, do not exactly constitute a recipe for repose. But Domingo has a reputation for extraordinary stamina. Neither Myers nor Miss Taylor had any doubts about his ability

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to cover all the necessary ground in this short time.

In the months and weeks preceding the start of recording, negotiations were completed with the rest of the cast—Ingvar Wixell, the Swedish baritone, as Sharpless; Florindo Andreoli, a much sought-after character singer, as Goro; Gillian Knight as Suzuki; Jonathan Summers as Yamadori.

Everything appeared to be in order. Then, just five days before recording was due to start, near-disaster struck.

CHRISTIAN STEINER

Soprano Scotto—"A real Madame Butterfly"

Tenor Domingo—"extraordinary stamina"

Myers was in his New York office, preparing to leave for three days of recording with Maazel and the Cleveland Orchestra, when a letter arrived by messenger from RCA Records. It was signed by Thomas Shepard, Myers's counterpart at RCA, and contained shattering news: Placido Domingo was under firm option to RCA to make several operas, and one of them was *Butterfly*. This was the first intimation Myers had had of any impediment to Domingo's availability.

Myers swallowed hard, alerted London, and caught an evening plane to Cleveland. By the time he fell asleep there, it was getting on toward morning in London. Taking advantage of the time differential, Vivienne Taylor began searching for a last-minute replacement to sing Pinkerton. The two of them finally settled on Giacomo Aragall, who was rehearsing *Butterfly* at La Scala. But could he get away from Milan during the period allotted for the sessions? The dates originally set for Domingo, February 26 and 27, were out of the question: Aragall was booked for rehearsals at La Scala on both days. There was some hope, however, that he could come to London toward the end of the sessions.

Meanwhile, back in Cleveland, Maazel and Myers were recording the *Eroica*—and grappling with the problems caused by Domingo's last-minute defection. Since a London orchestra will not accept a cancellation less than four weeks prior to a recording session, the Philharmonia would still have to be paid, with or without a tenor on the scene. Faced with this emergency, Maazel agreed to record an album of Wagner overtures in the sessions originally set aside for Domingo. Then the non-Pinkerton sessions of *Butterfly* could resume more or less on schedule.

Busy conductors and record producers must remain impervious to jet fatigue. Within 48 hours of finishing their Beethoven album in Cleveland, Maazel and Myers were at work on a Wagner album in London. I found them in the the control room at Tooting listening to a playback of the *Rienzi* overture. It was late in the afternoon of February 27. The Wagner album had been completed in three sessions. *Butterfly*, Pinkerton-less, was about to begin.

The sound of Suzuki filled the church. With the help of a grand piano and a coach from Covent Garden, Gillian Knight was rehearsing the opening of Act II. Maazel joined them and immediately zeroed in on the pronunciation and phrasing of the word "Tornerà" (He'll come back): "There ought to be a little break in the voice and a sob at the end." Wixell was next to arrive. He made a start on the Sharpless/Butterfly duet, with Maazel intoning the soprano's part. Then Scotto made her entrance, suitably attired for a London winter evening in a wool turtleneck and jumper. With a real Butterfly on hand, the rehearsal began to take flight.

Back in the control room, Myers and his chief recording engineer, a freelancer named Bob Auger, were checking out the equipment. Auger's control console has as many levers, knobs, switches, and dials as the cockpit of a 747. "It's a 16-track setup," Myers explained. "We record each singer and each section of the orchestra on a separate track. Of course, it all boils down to two stereo tracks in the end, but recording like this on 16 tracks gives us marvelous flexibility—it means we can readjust the balances later on."

On the dot of 7 PM, Maazel began rehearsing the orchestra. The tenor sections from Acts I and III originally scheduled for this session had naturally been jettisoned. Instead, a head start was to be made that evening on Act II. This first session established a pattern that was to be followed throughout the remainder of the week. First, 30 minutes or so of orchestra rehearsal. Then, with the singers onstage and the tape recorder running, a first take, usually without interruption. Myers would sit in the control room, listening at almost deafening volume and marking up an orchestral score with shorthand symbols to denote passages that had gone well or less well.

At the end he would confer by phone with Maazel. Usually they decided to hear a playback right after the first take. Everyone would then troop back to the control room, scores in hand. Disapproving shakes of the head alternated with smiles of contentment as singers and conductor relived the music they had just performed.

The second take invariably went better, and it was normally this taping that would provide the basic material for the final edited version. However, nothing is perfect in an imperfect world, and almost always there would be a third go at the same passage, either in whole or in part. Later on, Myers would splice together bits and pieces from all the takes to make a composite to combine the best of the several performances.

Before the second *Butterfly* session—Tuesday, February 28—I asked Maazel whether the crazy-quilt pattern of the recording schedule posed problems for a conductor. "It's a difficult way to perform an opera," he conceded, "but after years of living with a work like this you get the whole piece embedded in your subconscious, so it's not too hard to pick up a scene in the middle. The real challenge in *Butterfly* is to perform it with the seriousness it deserves. It's one of those scores that everyone knows and nobody knows. Puccini is a much underrated composer. The trouble is that he has been banalized almost to death. A routine performance is even worse than an obviously bad one." Meanwhile, trouble was brewing. La Scala's *Butterfly* was running behind schedule. Aragall was needed in Milan, and nothing could be done to get him to

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London before the rest of the recording cast had to go their separate ways. It would be weeks, perhaps months, before they could all reassemble in London. Miss Taylor managed to get all parties to agree to Aragall's appearance the first week of June; Myers would have the three-month interval to complete the lengthy Act II, in which Pinkerton does not appear.

First, the crazy quilt from Tooting had to be reassembled into a consecutive performance. The job was delegated to a tape editor in London, who cut and spliced the original spools of 16-track tape according to the markings in Myers's orchestral score. Then Myers was ready to supervise the stereo mix. This he did at a control console even more elaborate than the one at Tooting.

With all controls in the "flat" position, Myers listened attentively to the delicate orchestral measures that open Act II. "It's good," he said, "but it could be better." As the passage was repeated, he began flipping switches and turning dials on the console. "I've added bass timbre to the cellos and violas, brightened the violins and put some echo on the woodwinds. It's all done electronically." As the music continued, he adjusted some more controls. "Now I'm repositioning some of the instruments. In the church, if you will remember, the timpani were way off on the left. I'm bringing them in closer to the center. And I'm also moving the second violins a bit to the right, just to accentuate the spread between firsts and seconds.

Myers next turned his attention to the singers. The master tape was played with Scotto's channel in the "flat" position. "Perhaps the quality of recording is just a bit dry," Myers said. "Let's see what a little echo and equalization will do." More dials were turned as the same passage was repeated. Now the voice acquired added warmth and bloom, though with some loss in verbal clarity. "We have to strike a balance," Myers commented, "between lovely vocal tone and gripping drama. The drama comes through best in the 'flat' position. The tone is enhanced with echo. It's my job to find a middle course between the two."

While work proceeded on the stereo mix of Act II, Vivienne Taylor was back at the drawing board, devising a schedule for the unrecorded portions of *Butterfly* with the new Pinkerton, Giacomo Aragall.

Lightning never strikes twice—except when tenors are involved. Three days before recording was to resume, Myers received a devastating communication from a firm of solicitors in London. They threatened to impose an injunction on any *Butterfly* sessions employing the talents of Giacomo Aragall. The tenor, it seemed, had signed a letter of intent some time before to make a *Butterfly* for a small Canadian record company.

"I try not to panic in situations like this," Myers said in retrospect, "but this time it was pretty hard to keep cool. We had an entire cast arriving in three days and still no tenor." The unflappable Miss Taylor went into action, plugging into the grapevine of managers and impresarios who keep tabs on the worldwide movements of opera singers. She learned that Domingo would be somewhere in the Canary Islands for a *Tosca* on May 31. He might just possibly be free on June 1.

Myers put through a call to Shepard in New York and explained the situation. Record companies are as competitive as most other businesses, but when the chips are down they usually try to help each other. Shepard relented.

After locating Domingo in Las Palmas, and postponing a date of his with Deutsche Grammophon, the tenor was scheduled to arrive at Heathrow at 6:45 PM. The session was to start at 7.

7 PM: Maazel begins rehearsing the Philharmonia in the orchestral prelude to Act III. It has already been recorded back in March, but the conductor wants to have another go at it. "Since we have to kill time until Domingo arrives," Myers explains, "we might as well record it again."

7:32 PM: Maazel is ready to record the Act III prelude. After a lapse of 89 days, the Columbia *Butterfly* is back on track. By chance, the resumed sessions begin with take 100.

7:58 PM: Domingo arrives, clad in rumpled blue jeans, his famous charm engulfing the control room. "Is there a place where I can scream?" he asks. Vivienne escorts him to the hut.

8:15 PM: Maazel returns to the control room for a playback, and Domingo comes in to greet him. The encounter is tinged with some tension. Maazel was not entirely happy with the events of last February. Domingo: "How nice to see you again." Maazel: "Unexpectedly." Domingo: "Well, here I am."

The ice was broken. They got down to work. The session ended with 10 minutes to spare. All the missing music from Act III was on tape.

We were now in the home stretch. The next session took care of the long and busy sequence from the end of Butterfly's entrance to the beginning of the love duet. For this session the stage was more heavily populated than at any time before: principals, full chorus, Bonze, Imperial Commissioner, Official Registrar. But no Goro: Andreoli was performing in Florence that evening. Myers asked Auger to leave channel 16 blank. Later on, in the Whitfield Street studio, Andreoli would sing his few missing bars while listening to a playback of the Goro-less recording. This is the process known as overdubbing. It might not be strictly kosher, but it is one way of getting an opera recording finished. The final session proceeded with almost anticlimactic calm. The elusive Andreoli was finally on hand to finish the scenes with Goro, Domingo sailed along with his customery élan, and Wixell sounded in fine voice despite a stomach ailment. At 9:45 PM on June 12, after 148 takes, *Butterfly* was complete.

"The worst part of recording," Myers mused as we drove back to central London after the last session, "is that you're asking artists to synthesize a whole lifetime of study and work into a three-hour session on a particular day of the week. That's what makes recording such an anti-musical business in the first place. It's always amazing to me how well they usually deliver." ◉

CLIVE BARDA

Scotto lubricates her precious tonsils, while staff cools off after a hectic session.

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PLAYING THE BOTTOM LINE

BY IRVING KOLODIN

THOSE WHO believe in the "great man" theory of history will point to the death, in recent years, of the "General" (David Sarnoff), the diminished influence of his son Robert in the affairs of RCA, and the passing of Goddard Lieberson from the pilot post at CBS as the cause of the declining production of high-quality classical records by both these giants. Others, with a longer view, will try to puzzle out which aphorism has greater validity: "History never repeats itself," or, "The more things change, the more they remain the same."

When the thriving American recording world of the Twenties was struck by the twin impact of, first, free home entertainment (spelled r–a–d–i–o) and, then, the kidney punch of the Depression, production of serious music on records slowed nearly to a halt. For much of the next decade, recordings of classical music originated almost entirely in England and on the Continent.

With European production immobilized by the war and then by reconstruction, record making again came to be dominated by the American-based companies. Mono LP had its "day," lasting almost a decade (1948-1957). By 1958, there was a new infusion of competition. Stereo LP was off and running, this time with such new—and foreign—horses as London (Decca Ltd.), Angel (EMI), and DG (Polydor) breathing down their necks. Soon a latecomer named Philips (the Dutch flat-course favorite from the Norelco stables) was coming up fast.

Now, in 1979, the quad boomlet has burst, and a new source of Vigoro called "digital" is still a year from market. Taken together, the picture invites reflection rather than rejoicing.

Such great "record" men (in the sense that Alfred A. Knopf was a great "book" man) as George Marek at RCA, Lieberson at CBS, and Walter Legge at EMI (Electrical Musical Instruments) have left the scene. Now it is not merely another horse race, but another ball game.

The name of the game is (not unpredictably) money. One well-posted observer said, in a recent conversation: "We used to have record men running the record business. Now most American companies are run by lawyers or cost accountants." The proud title of A and R man (Artist and Repertory), worn by the people who sought out Glenn Gould and Leontyne Price, Maria Callas and Herbert von Karajan, Renata Tebaldi and Luciano Pavarotti, has passed to men less concerned with the company's future 10 years down the line than with next year's balance sheet and their own so-called security.

The age-old indictment of classical records has been clean and crisp: "They don't make money." The pride and love that Sarnoff attached to having Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony on Red Seal, or that Lieberson and CBS had for Bruno Walter, Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic on their label, are gone, never to return. Since nobody has ever found a way of translating prestige into bank credit, the new view is, "What good is it?"

"Exclusivity" has all but vanished from the record scene in America, with a few pockets of resistance remaining in Europe. The Philadelphia Orchestra, whose exclusive recording rights executives all but fought duels to acquire, now records for Angel when it isn't recording for RCA. The Chicago Symphony, the pride of RCA when Fritz Reiner was its conductor, now records for anyone who can afford it. The initials of the great ensemble that makes its home in Symphony Hall no longer stand for Boston Symphony Orchestra. Since Deutsche Grammophon took over the recording rights in 1970, BSO means "Boston Sold Overseas."

Asked if the access of DG and Philips to worldwide markets allows them to pursue bigger classical recording programs, some officials of American companies point to their own European, and even Oriental, affiliates. But one of the more honest among them said, "Sure, we envy DG's exposure. They get company support and that makes much more aggressive action possible." Translated into common speech, that means, "DG's officials believe in the importance of their product more than our people do, and they get behind it."

Aside from brave talk, most American A and R men admit that the side of the record business that "doesn't make money" *is* expected not merely to break even, but make a little money—if not, so long Jack, we've got another man. This explains the hunt for the one blockbuster whose sales will support the rest of the year's program.

Sometimes it works, sometimes it doesn't. The Serkin TV disc may lag, while the Horowitz Rachmaninoff comes close to 200,000 sales in the first year. But occasionally, by sheer luck, the Serkin company can come up with a jazz sonata for flute and piano played by Jean-Pierre Rampal and its composer, Claude Bolling, and discover there are 400,000 people there waiting to buy it.

What all this has to do with a new recording of Gustav Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* or the complete piano music of Ferruccio Busoni may seem mysterious to some, but not to the fellow who has to make the records. Speaking directly, but with some understandable restraint, Thomas Z. Shepard at RCA observed, "I make a lot of records I have to, in order to make some records I want to." Shepard is good at both, but the results are not exactly what one expects from the classical record division of a parent—Radio Corporation of America—whose vast annual profits are almost a source of embarrassment.

CONSIDERING such exigencies, the question naturally arises: "How can such overseas companies as DG and Philips (whose relations are so neighborly that they share a floor at 810 Seventh Avenue in Manhattan) go on with the kind of recording programs they have?" Philips, for instance, is out to record *all* the operas of Haydn, which is like trying to sell the Jerusalem *Post* in Cairo.

Jim Frey, head of the DG command post in New York, says, "DG is in the record business to stay. We give classical records four, five years to pay back their costs, not six months, like some American competitors."

Perhaps the most poignant comment on the whole scene (domestic and foreign) was uttered by Marvin Saines, an official at CBS: "When I go abroad, my European colleague meets me at the airport and says, 'How are the hits coming?' When one of my friends from a foreign company goes to his Hamburg home base, the fellow at the airport says, 'How is von Karajan's recording of the Beethoven Ninth doing?' "

He sighed, feelingly: "It's a different philosophy." ◉

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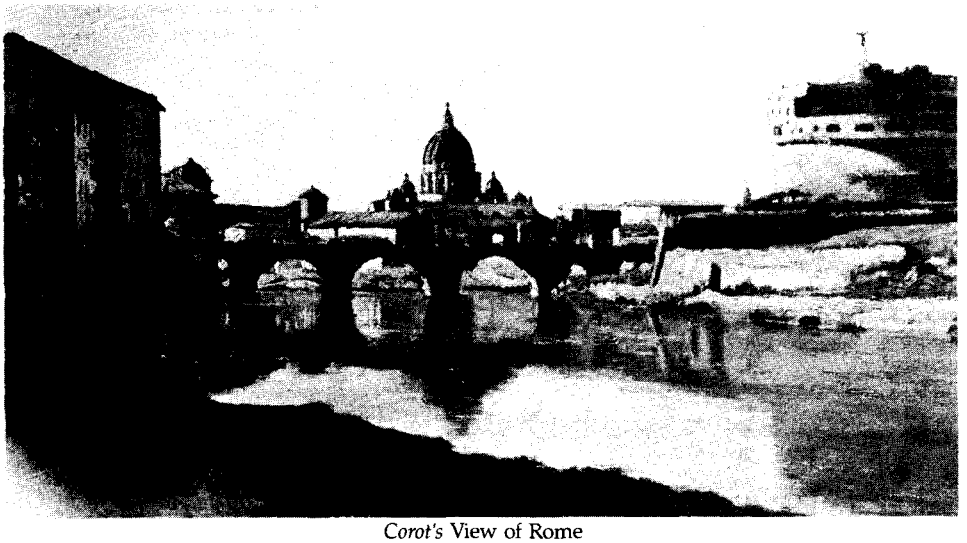
LOOKOUTS

Traveling Splendor

To make room for *The Splendor of Dresden* exhibition, the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco decided to send some of its own splendor—paintings from its permanent collection for which it had no storage space—on a tour. *Masterpieces of French Art* has just left the Denver Art Museum and will be on view at the Wildenstein & Co. Gallery in New York City from March 14 to April 27. From there it will travel to the Minneapolis Institute of Arts (May 24 to July 1), before returning home.



Corot's View of Rome

Traditional Chinese junk

Homeboats

If a houseboat is not a home, it's not a houseboat, according to Mark Gabor. American fishing boats aren't houseboats—their crews only work on them; but Asian junks (the traditional fishing boats) are—the fishermen and their families live and work on them. In *Houseboats* (Ballantine Hardcover original), Gabor tells us about water dwellings around the world—converted river barges or cargo boats, houselike (or, in Florida, palace-like) structures built on barge bases or pontoons, working boats, yachts that are really lived in (not just taken out for a day or two), and actual homes that are rarely moved from a mooring.

Though Gabor's text doesn't sparkle, his subject does, as do John Blaustein's engaging photographs of these floating homes. That we may never succumb to the temptation of living on the water makes *Houseboats* an even more refreshing look at an almost-otherworld.

Flight CIA

Christopher Robbins's *Air America* (Putnam's) tells the sordid story of the CIA's private airline. And sordid it is. Over two decades of covert operations—arming and transporting secret Laotian armies and fierce Tibetan warriors, for instance—were hidden in the dark confusion of dummy companies, multiple subsidiaries, legitimate businesses, and taciturn executives.

The nature of Air America, the cognomen for the CIA's entire aeronautical holdings, is a problematic one for modern-day moralizers. Its pilots delivered food and supplies in one plane only to jettison guns and bullets from the next.

Nonetheless, *Air America* bubbles over with the heroic tales of those fearless men who flew any and all aircraft in the most hair-raising, heart-thumping conditions imaginable. The stories of these "patriotic" pilots make the book a good read as well as a contribution to the sweaty job of digging up the CIA's buried past.

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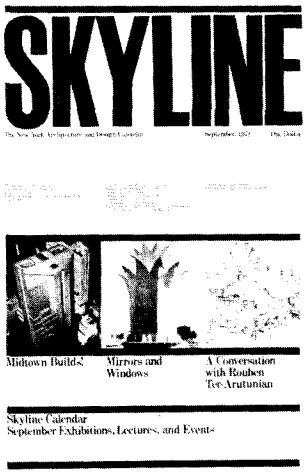
Love Thy Cabbage

The most shocking murder scene of the movie year may involve not a starlet, but a svelte cabbage. *The Secret Life of Plants* (Paramount), based on the book of the same name, limns the complex, sensitive nature of our vegetable friends. In one sequence, a man enters a room full of cabbage heads, grabs one, and cuts into it. Each cabbage is linked to machines that measure the cabbages' responses to people who then come into the room. When the murderer returns, the dials go crazy.



Design Words

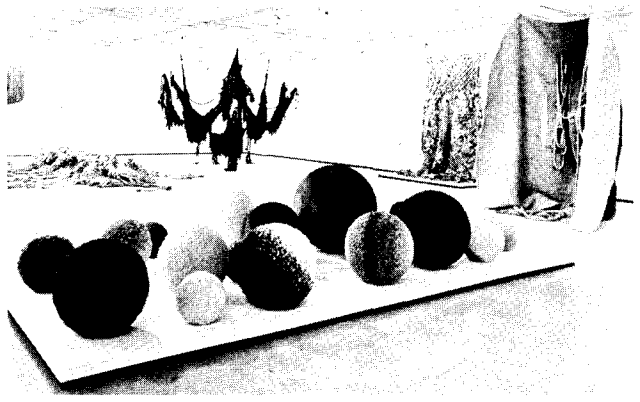
In yet another attempt to bring architecture to the masses, the Institute for Architecture and Urban Studies (whose offerings range from Saturday morning high-school courses to advanced seminars for, licensed architects) is now publishing *Skyline* a monthly newspaper. Focusing on architecture and design around the country, the format is a calendar of the month's architecture and arts events, and essays by architects and other critics. The writing is both comprehensible—a quality that too much architectural writing sadly lacks—and intelligent. Those with even a cursory interest in the field will find *Skyline* of value.

The Dolly Sisters *(ca. 1908), Apeda Studios*

Photograph Exposer

Lee Witkin's was not the first gallery to be devoted exclusively to photography, but it was the first to become a commercial success. When Witkin went into business 10 years ago, most photography galleries were hard to find, open at odd hours, and very often amateurish. But Witkin set his business up like an art gallery—he picked an uptown location, established regular hours, and matted, framed, and carefully hung his prints.

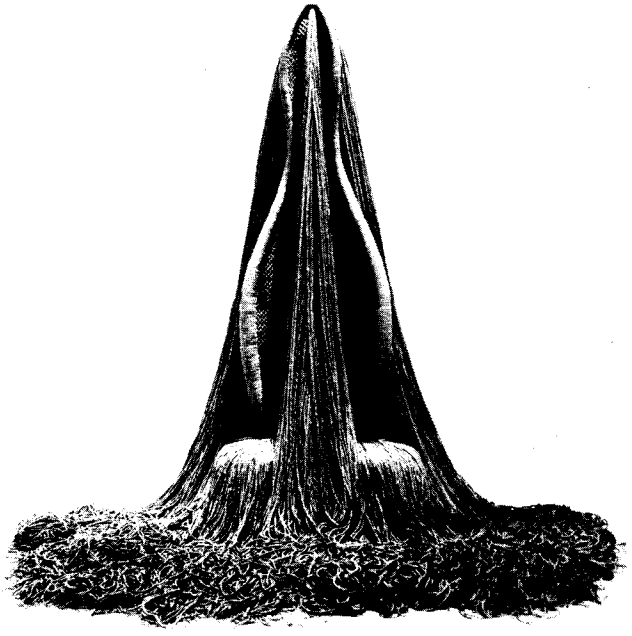
Now celebrating its 10th anniversary, the Witkin Gallery in New York City is mounting a show of works by such masters as Stieglitz, Weston, Steichen, and Käsebier. In short, an exhibit of photographs by the people who revolutionized picture- taking—at the gallery that revolutionized picture-collecting.



Fiber Sculptress

Claire Zeisler was one of the first artists to use tapestry exclusively as a medium for personal communication. Although her work was decorative, it clearly transcended simple craftsmanship. However, it was not until 1969 that MOMA opened America's art museum doors to woven sculpture with a group exhibition.

Since then, fiber sculpture has won increasing recognition, and now the Art Institute of Chicago has brought to the public a retrospective of Zeisler's oeuvre. Forty-five of her works will be on view from February 10 to May 20.



Zeisler's Buddy Balls, *1972 (above), and* Red Preview, *1969 (below)*

Sarah Vaughan, in American Pop: The Great Singers

Festival Feast

The only problem with PBS's Festival '79 (besides the ubiquitous pledge requests, which, nonetheless, are effective) is that even the most devoted PBS fan will not be able to keep up with the barrage of excellent programs scheduled. Which doesn't mean we shouldn't try. Between March 3 and 18 (check local listings), PTV will be dominated by the sounds of musicians from Tennessee Ernie Ford to Tony Bennett to Andrés Segovia, not to mention a Tom Stoppard dramatization, and specials on Arthur Fiedler, Albert Einstein, and the music of Johann Strauss. Any one of these programs will be worth reshuffling your schedule.

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JOHAN ELBERS

John Curry and JoJo Starbuck in Palais de Glace, *a ballet designed by Broadway's Donald Saddler to display the spectacular skills of skating.*

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The Ice Man

by Walter Terry

It is, I think, indisputable that John Curry has created a new art form, ice dancing. His show, *John Curry's Ice-Dancing*, opened in New York City at Madison Square Garden's Felt Forum on November 21, 1978, and garnered such publicity that it was moved to Broadway's Minskoff Theater on December 19 for an extended engagement. Its star was a young man who had, in a single year (1976), won the British, European, and world skating championships, and the Gold Medal in the Winter Olympics. A young man who was now evoking ravishingly beautiful images of Nijinsky on ice in a new version (by choreographer Norman Maen) of *Afternoon of a Faun*, created by Nijinsky as an innovative ballet in 1912.

The reader's first response may well be, "I've seen ice shows before. I saw Sonja Henie do a hula on skates. I've seen ice ballets. I've seen them all." And very true, but none of these experiences can compare to John Curry's show, in which the skating star and his assisting skaters-dancers used their bodies as no other skaters ever had, in which the music was a motivating force and not a background, in which a gesture or a pause became as important as the most spectacular jumps and spins. No, you've never seen anything like ice dancing before. Let me hasten to add, however, that the virtuosities of skating—the vertiginous turns, the split-leaps, and that most glorious of skating movements, the spread eagle—are all part of ice dancing; they are just used in original ways.

Says Curry, "I've already started a school to train skaters who want to learn to dance on ice. I have evolved a whole new series of exercises and a way of teaching. It can be boiled down to one idea: Every step, movement, gesture that occurs in skating has equal value, and so this technique is different from that of most skaters whose hurdle—and I use that word purposely—is jumping. We all love to jump, but jumps are important only when skillfully placed in a sentence of movement. A slow glide in arabesque can be of first importance, but to most skaters it is nothing. One mustn't neglect the subtleties of skating for the tricks.

"I phrase everything. Initially, I learn the counts of the music, but soon I breathe the music almost as if my breath were forming sentences of words, phrases, commas, exclamation points—the jumps we were talking about might be the exclamation points. And then, too, I sing to myself—perhaps it seems foolish—I sing the way I'd like the movement to come out."

The public, obviously, has been breathing and singing quite happily with the lad who is swiftly becoming what used to be called "a matinee idol." Some of the critics, however, while praising Curry the champion skater, have donned their debating robes. Is it skating, or is it dancing, or is it both? The answer is that Curry has come up with a new art form, an art form that represents a wedding of skating and dance—just as opera is an amalgam of music and drama, and as classical ballet at first was a synthesis of music, dancing, book, and decor.

Curry himself says, "I start with skating. If there is a movement or sequence of movement that doesn't require ice there is no need to try it on ice. What I try to achieve is something that cannot be done in any other medium." The Curry approach, then, is to explore and exploit the dance potential that lies within the fundamentals of skating. To this end, he engaged a distinguished group of choreographers to advance the new art form he had envisioned; it is their work, in an amazingly broad range of choreographic styles, that makes *Ice-Dancing* a milestone in the performing arts. He had previously enlisted the skills of Maen, a onetime Irish folk-dancer and musical comedy dancer-choreographer, and America's avant-garde Twyla Tharp. His program for *Ice-Dancing* included works by these two; choreographies by Kenneth MacMillan, principal choreographer and former director of Britain's Royal Ballet; Jean-

KENN DUNCAN

Curry in Afternoon of a Faun—*"Nijinsky on ice."*

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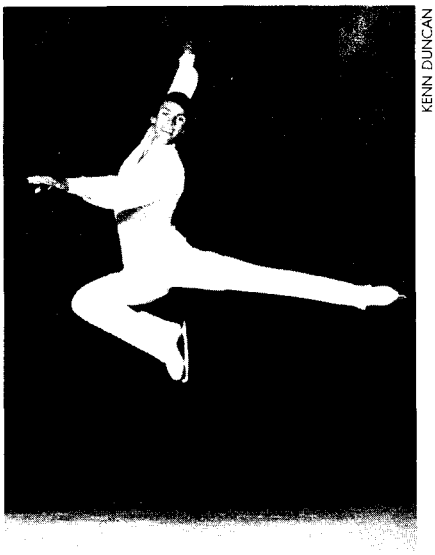
Pierre Bonnefous, French-born principal dancer and choreographer of the New York City Ballet; Peter Martins, a major dancer with the NYCB; Robert Cohan, director and principal choreographer of the London Contemporary Dance Theatre; Douglas Norwick, actor-dancer-skater; and Donald Saddler, two-time winner of the Tony Award for Broadway musicals and a choreographer for ballet, opera, movies, and television. With such collaborators it is patently foolish to say that John Curry's new concept of skating has nothing to do with dance.

JOHN WAS BORN 29 years ago in Birmingham, England. Even as a toddler, he wanted to take dance lessons, but his parents wouldn't allow it. They did permit him to take skating lessons when he was seven. Today he says, "I have been planning this for 22 years, but most people who see our show are thinking about ice dancing for the first time. So I know we must space our innovations—I want to try lots of new things but I don't want to lose the public 'at the first jump,' as we say in England. Margot Fonteyn, who is my idol, seems to have found this balance. She is one of the great artists of our day, but she never divorces art from entertainment; she reaches out to everyone."

John's training for ice dancing has been relentless. As a youth he allowed himself little time for relaxation, and of course his master teachers and coaches allowed him even less. (He did, however, find fragments of free time in which he could study dance.) At first, in competitions, he lost points for over-artistry and innovative costumes, but he learned to win in traditional garb and with required steps, in mastery of expected feats of skill. In this way he polished off—in a matter of months—those championships that would bring him international fame and the adulation of sports fans. Then he could get down to business, to the business of being an artist, a skater who dances—or, perhaps, a dancer who skates. Turning professional after the Olympics, he starred in a television ice spectacular, and then in his *Theatre of Skating*, which soon became *John Curry's IceDancing*.

Curry's personal search for new forms in skating through dance and choreography has some historical precedent. In the late 1930s I remember watching Sonia Serova, a ballet teacher, rehearsing a dance number for an ice show. In 1940, the great Catherine Littlefield, founder-director, prima ballerina, and principal choreographer of the then prestigious Littlefield Ballet, turned her energies and talents to ice



KENN DUNCAN

John Curry and his new art form.

shows. I spent hours watching her experiment with related movements of ballet and skating. Her one-act *Swan Lake* on ice (in the show *It Happens on Ice*) at the Center Theater in Rockefeller Center was breathtaking. The Swan Queen and her Prince, accompanied by swans, glided swiftly over the ice, and the evil von Rothbart, trailing an immense cape, made a dazzling descent down an iced ramp. (Von Rothbart was "skated" by Gene Berg, who became that dancing movie star Gene Nelson.)

Curry has created his ice dancing in both a practical and an analytical manner. He has studied ballet with such masters as Robert Christopher and Joyce Graeme, and recently he has studied modern dance at Martha Graham's school, as well as modern and jazz dancing with Alvin Ailey. I asked him whether classical ballet, which is predicated upon the defiance of the law of gravity, or modern dance, which tends to dramatize gravity's pull, is more suitable to the technique of skating.

"In skating," he replied, "we do defy such laws of movement as gravity and friction. I think it is more exciting to get away from gravity than to submit to it. That's why I love to see movements that seem to be two inches *above* the ice. It's also why I like soundless skating, in which the skates move like a surgeon's knife instead of slashing and thrashing. But modern dance is also akin to skating in that both should come from the body itself, not from the feet. Body movements can actually create movements for the skates. You see, I think movement—even a leg extension—originates in the center of the body. You cannot do much with feet if the body is wrong." In this particular tenet, Curry follows in the body-steps (not the footsteps) of his two dance ancestresses, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis. Duncan was convinced (whether anatomists liked it or not) that the soul was located in the solar plexus; and St. Denis's major heresy was that at the turn of the century, when steps and dancing were almost synonymous, she was a dancer-choreographer who, ignoring the feet, celebrated the body.

What has young John brought us thus far? In his current program, Nijinsky's *Faun*, in which he transforms a space of ice into a sultry, dappled Delphic glen. And the sensuality and wit of Latin dancing in *Tango-Tango* (choreography by Martins to a hilarious switcheroo from Stravinsky's "Tango" to Niels Gade's "Jalousie"), with JoJo Starbuck who reminded more than one veteran dance follower of the late Helen Tamiris at her most electrifying. And the almost Balanchinesque patterns of *Icemoves* (Bonnefous), the lyric sweep of *Feux Follets* (MacMillan), genuine "patineurs" in *Palais de Glace* (Saddler), and in *Myth* (Cohan), an almost cabalistic ritual couched in modern dance terms. These are the immediate innovations.

The future holds another ballet identified with Nijinsky, *Le Spectre de la Rose*. "I see it as a waltz that does not touch the ground. It should have a setting different from the old ballet—it should not be indoors. Perhaps I will set it in an English garden captured by frost. Instead of the leap through the window, the rose spirit, the dream, should glide away into space, as all dreams do.

"I'd like to do a full-length work about Ludwig of Bavaria and all his fantasies about water and sleighs. He would have loved ice skating, wouldn't he? He was kitsch, wonderfully kitsch. And then I would like an ice dancing concept of *The Snow Maiden* fairytale—with floor and walls and ramps and curved moldings like toboggan runs, all of ice. And the only warmth ... tears falling upon ice."

But in the midst of incredible successes, the champion skater, the sensitive artist has his doubts. "Of course I worry, but I have only one gnawing worry: Is our success in *what* we do? Is it in my concept of ice dancing, in what I have been thinking about and working toward all my life, or does success come because of the *way* we perform, in our charisma as performers? That's what worries me." It does not worry his thousands of fans around the world—they only know he is the hottest star in the coldest of entertainment milieus. ◉

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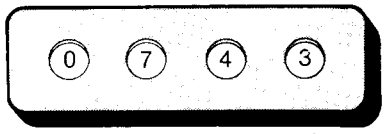

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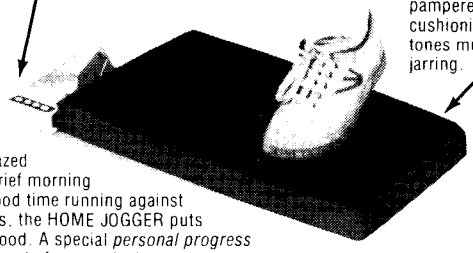

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TELEVISION

The Limits of Gee-Whiz

by Karl E. Meyer

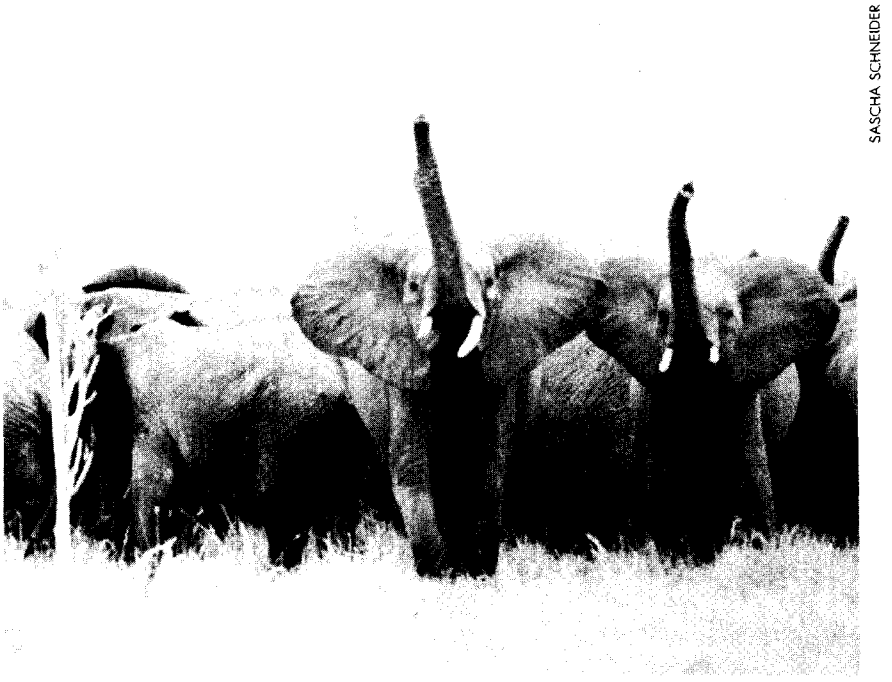
WHY IS IT THAT National Geographic Specials share the proverbial fault of Chinese food? No matter how exotic the fare, or how elaborate the preparations, the dish is seldom filling. I have seen about a dozen Geographic specials on public television, and what I remember best is the basso profundo voice of host E. G. Marshall, the theme music, and pictures of hairy beasts and hairy explorers. Little meat sticks to the ribs.

Granted, the National Geographic Society by tradition stays on the sunny side of the street, and the formula of its hugely successful magazine features narrow escapes, preferably on foaming white water. Recently, the *National Geographic* surprised everybody, possibly including its editors, by carrying an article on South Africa that contained fairly critical words on apartheid. But such lapses are infrequent.

Granted, too, that the Society's television specials are handsome productions, with no expense spared to ferry crews through jungles and tundra in quest of striking footage. One special, *The Incredible Machine*, was a prizewinner in 1976. This diverting examination of the human body outdrew all network programming, and gave PBS its first top-rated show since the system's inception. Still, *The Incredible Machine*, like the gymnasts it featured, was memorable chiefly for its technical acrobatics. The program's message, in essence, was gee-whiz.

However, even with Geographic's self-constraints, the specials can be more nourishing. An outstanding new special, *Last Stand in Eden*, blends superior film-making with a fully developed theme, and provides a model that should be emulated. Produced by Nick Noxon (who was also responsible for last season's *The Great Whales*), the program deals with the inexorable destruction of the remaining elephant herds in East Africa, a tragedy more felt than understood by most of us. (*Last Stand* will be broadcast on March 4 on most PBS stations; check local listings for exact times.)

What Noxon has done is reach beyond the save-the-wildlife pieties of those of us who are comfortably remote from East Africa. When he arrived in Kenya last year, Noxon discovered that two thousand elephants were on a migrating rampage in search of food in the country's Samburu district. In a poor country pressed for food, the great beast has become a pest; half the elephants of Kenya have been slaughtered in the past five years. Even on reserves, elephants are not safe, since they are the target of ivory-greedy poachers. Noxon wisely confined his report to this story in which competing rights became cruelly apparent.



SASCHA SCHNEIDER

Defiant elephants refused to be herded into game reserves in Last Stand in Eden.

The paradoxical truth is that the elephant is too intelligent for its own good. European game wardens, using helicopters fitted with sirens, tried to direct the Samburu herds away from farms and into the sanctuary of a game reserve. But the animals refused to be budged. Very quickly they became used to the chopper and indifferent to the sirens, disproving Kipling's maxim that there are a hundred and one ways to build an elephant trap, all of them equally sound. Thanks to the elephant's intelligence and tenacity, no means have yet been discovered to protect farms from the voracious foraging of night-raiding herds.

It is surely not beyond mortal ingenuity to find more effective ways of protecting farms, influencing herd behavior, and curbing the illicit trade in smuggled ivory. (To its credit, Kenya has for the past two years closed all its curio shops.) But conservation measures have to take into account the legitimate claims of the people of Kenya. *Last Stand in Eden* offers a much-needed primer for those (like me) who have too quickly blamed East Africans for failing to preserve their region as a zoo. At the same time, the program makes the most of the visual drama these superb animals are acting out; a remarkable closing shot shows a herd of elephants with trunks raised as if in appeal while it searches for the scent of that merciless predator, Man.

Though Noxon's precisely focused special rises above gee-whiz, another new Geographic offering has not. I distrust titles with exclamation points, and *Gold!* (first shown in January) sustained the rule. In his celebration of the ductile metal, producer Irwin Rosten has diligently filmed every possible oddity: a solid-gold bathtub in Japan (weighing 313 pounds, it is said to improve the health of bathers); an all-gold frypan, which Julia Child claims is excellent for *suprêmes de volaille*; and the flashing of gold prices from London to Colombia, where tomb-robbers are pillaging the little that is left of Indian gold.

For all the program's glitter, it never comes to a point. Why did the producers ignore, for example, the calamitous effects of the gold standard on modern history? A worldwide shortage of gold was largely responsible for

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Youngsters learning about prison life from those who know—lifers—in Scared Straight!

ROBERT CAPUTO

Producer Irwin Rosten in solid-gold bathtub—His Gold! *was largely pointless glitter.*

deflation and depression in the 1890s, fanning the Populist revolt in this country and leading to the Democratic presidential candidacy of William Jennings Bryan (who vowed he would not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold). The West was saved from its gold idolatry by the unforeseen discovery of new mines in South Africa, thereby postponing a day of reckoning. Plainly, the economic mischief of gold-worship was ignored because it might have detracted from the believe-it-or-not sauce served up as a meat substitute.

Future Geographic specials, one hopes, will follow the path opened by *Last Stand* rather than *Gold!*'s yellow-brick road. It would be interesting to see, for example, what the Geographic would make of daily life on a Chinese commune, or the effects of the North Sea oil boom on Norway. For the record, the specials are produced in partnership with Station WQED in Pittsburgh, and are underwritten in part by Gulf Oil.

If the Geographic documentaries err on the side of diffuse and soft-core blandness, the same reproach cannot possibly be aimed at *Scared Straight!* Here the exclamatory punctuation is not hype, for this hour-long account of a prison prevention program for juvenile offenders in New Jersey is one of the most powerful and disturbing documentaries to reach the screen. A real-life equivalent of Artaud's Theater of Cruelty, it has a raw eloquence no viewer will forget.

Produced by Arnold Shapiro for Station KTLA in Los Angeles, the program was first shown as a local broadcast this past November. So remarkable and affirmative was the viewer response that *Scared Straight!* was then offered for national syndication; it will be broadcast during the week of March 5 on commercial channels in most major cities.

In *Scared Straight!* we follow a group of 17 juvenile offenders, male and female, ages 14 to 18, on a half-day visit to a maximum-security prison in Rahway, New Jersey, where the youngsters become the captive audience of the toughest convicts. One by one, each felon drives home the appalling horror of incarceration—the slashings and the rapes, the vendettas and degrading pecking-orders.

"All that stuff you see on television is fantasy, that's bullshit," a lifer informs the skeptical youngsters at the outset. By the time the session is over, the expressions of disbelief have vanished. Every obscenity in the language is used with graphic eloquence. (There are repeated advisories warning parental viewers of the raw language.)

Now in its third year, the Rahway program has proved the most effective deterrent for juvenile repeaters yet devised. Before the session recorded in *Scared Straight!*, the youngsters were invincibly cocky; by day's end, they seemed like people who have glimpsed inferno. In the three months following the visit, all but one of the group of 17 went straight. And for the lifers, the program has helped to diminish the appalling pointlessness of their indefinite confinement.

Praise to host and narrator Peter Falk, and to Robert Niemack for his superior editing, is in order. Kudos are likewise due the Signal Companies, Inc., original sponsors of *Scared Straight!*, which was first shown without commercials. But I was left with this troubling thought—it is the sheer horror of jails like Rahway that makes the lifers' program so devastatingly effective. Take the horror away through penal reform by turning cells into cottages, and who would ever be scared straight? Can it be that there is a social benefit in the barbarities of the existing system? ◉

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PHOTOGRAPHY

The Clear Yankee Eye

by Owen Edwards

FROM TIME TO TIME I indulge in a speculative parlor game, wondering what artists would have been like had they worked in some other medium. What kind of composer would Matisse have been (a Mozart, perhaps, or a Mendelssohn), or what kind of painter would Céline have turned out to be (surely a Bosch, or Munch, or maybe Bacon), or who would Brancusi have been had he written poetry (Eliot? Borges? Cummings?). Empty musing, of course, but better, for me at least, than counting sheep.

Though it had never occurred to me to wonder what sort of photographer Emily Dickinson might have been, the answer came to me recently in the form of Olivia Parker. Boston-born, Wellesley-educated, Parker is a crafter of extraordinary still lifes. Her pictures will be exhibited this spring at the International Center of Photography in New York, and her book *Signs of Life* was published late last year by David R. Godine. Parker's pictures are at once keen (almost flinty), cool, and quietly passionate. Parker sees her subject matter—bones, garlic buds, exotic starfish, the tattered pages of old books, embossed designs on ancient radiators—with the rapt intensity of a recluse (although as a wife and mother she's not allowed that luxury) whose life is made up of time and mystical yearnings.

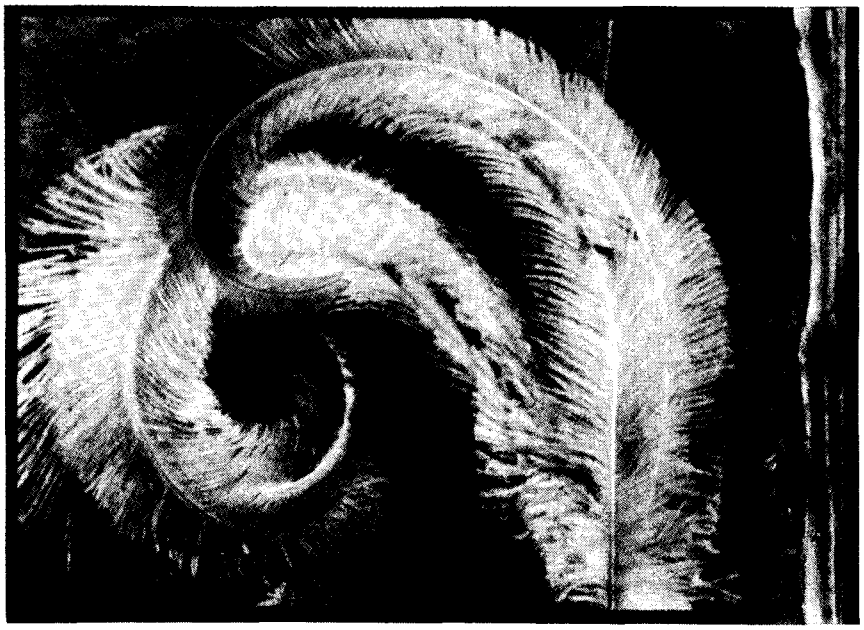
Parker describes herself as a collector, and her delight in the objects she lays out beneath the camera lens is akin to that of the child who produces, from seemingly bottomless pockets, the weathered twigs, broken crabs' legs, bits of smooth glass, and translucent stones picked up on the beach. The mere act of taking a stone out of the sand and putting it into your hand somehow changes that stone, as does its juxtaposition to a crushed blue robin's eggshell and a wedge of driftwood. In the same way, Parker's photographs transmogrify the treasures she has gathered. She manages not to patronize the minor bits and pieces of her visual rummaging; a basic dry, wry wit prevents, say, the technically flawless photograph of an amaryllis bulb from sliding into a grand and pretentious statement—the universe may indeed exist in a grain of sand, but Parker is not trying to prove it to us in a four-by-five-inch space.

Cinquefoil—*"Scrupulously contrived."*

Amaryllis—*Pregnant with change.*

Like any good photographer, Parker knows the power of the camera to lionize anything it beholds, and while she doesn't directly counter the effect, she somehow neutralizes it by embracing it with such ploys as a romantic north light, a remarkable precision, and selenium toning. It is as if she is saying, "Yes, this old bleached pelvis bone *is* beautiful, but then so is everything my camera sees—you'll have to look for more, or less, than that." However finely tuned and scrupulously contrived her compositions may be (they vary from very plain to very fancy) her Yankee sensibility somehow *reports* on the momentary status of things as apparently permanent as gravestones and old tintypes. "Objects which are, or have been, living things," she writes, "those at the edges of change, interest me: the pregnant bulb, Indian pipes materializing from rot, a rose fully formed, but at the edge of decay. The living world seems to consist of fine balances and thin edges: small variation within fragile structure, delicate membranes, narrow temperature and pressure tolerances...."

Obviously, such thoughts, and the pictures that grow from them, can easily get out of hand. Beautifully wrought pictures of old and/or numinous objects like Victorian valentines, crab shells, and Chinese paintings can turn precious, but with few exceptions Parker's do not. They remain essentially objec-



Vicksburg Feather—*Parker sees her subjects with "the rapt intensity of a recluse."*

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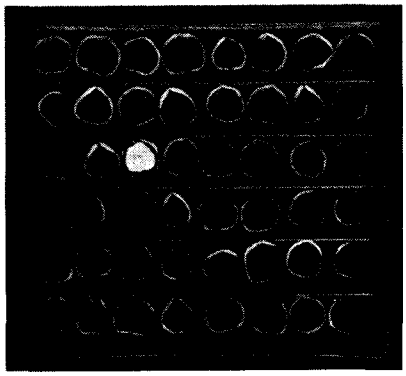
tive, however moody and evocative, and it is difficult to figure out how the trick has been brought off. Perhaps the singular technical and sensual beauty of the pictures and things themselves provides a surface under which the objects photographed can exist with a measure of immunity. As Parker's pictures preserve, they also protect.

While Parker acknowledges such influences as the paintings of Juan Sánchez Cotán, a 16th-century Spanish still-life master, and the later, better-known Flemish and Dutch still lifes, I think the clearest comparison to be made with her work are the boxes of Joseph Cornell (forget about Emily Dickinson and just try counting sheep). The camera frame, which Parker prints into her pictures as a dark, restricting border, is a box in which two ordinary things may become extraordinary simply because they are together. Forty-eight hazelnut shells in drill-field order, within an actual box which in turn fills the box of the frame, with one bright white halved nut shining third from the



Hazelnuts–*The ordinary become extraordinary.*

left in the third row, becomes a story well worth thinking about.

Parker's pictures are at their least effective when they try to tell out-and-out jokes. Contriving to have four anthropomorphic bean pods dance on an engraving of a pedestal isn't very funny, it is unfortunately cute. Placing a grapefruit on an old engraving of a bald man so that he seems to be staring anxiously over the fruit is something like an elaborate shaggy dog story. Perhaps the camera simply doesn't tell jokes well (there is a good argument, to be made some other time, that it doesn't and shouldn't), or perhaps a punch line is just not the best vehicle for a New Englander's straight-faced wit. But this is a small point about a minor failing. Olivia Parker is one of those occasional phenomena that photography is particularly capable of producing—the unique visionary who seems to have sprung full-panoplied from the darkroom. She is a welcome presence. ◉

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THEATER

Naturalist Stirrings

by Martin Gottfried

A RECENT REVIVAL of *The Diary of Anne Frank* made it all too clear what's been wrong with American drama these past 20 years—an absence of dramatic soul, of plays that involve us personally and have the clout that once sent us reeling out of *Death of a Salesman* and *A Streetcar Named Desire* and even, heaven help us, such minor dramas as *Picnic* and *Tea and Sympathy*. We were moved by those plays because we believed in a hero, a story, an irony; we surrendered to the devastating finality of the curtain dropped on the thrilling turn of events.

The Diary of Anne Frank is not a great play. The 1955 drama is a straightforward adaptation of the teenage Dutch girl's famous diary, recording her family's two-year and nearly successful hideout from the Nazis. Yet, though such great playwrights as Shaw, Anouilh, and Miller were active at the time, none wrote directly about the holocaust. This play by a pair of Hollywood screenwriters, Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett, is the one that captures for the theater that terrible time. It is already a classic.

But we've forsaken such plays—with their characters and stories and emotional peaks—as hopelessly old-fashioned, naturalistic drama. Let's hope they haven't been dismissed too far, however, because we may have thrown something worthwhile out with yesterday's newspaper.

It was the 1956 Broadway production of *Waiting for Godot* that did in naturalistic drama in America. Samuel Beckett's play, without question a masterpiece, ignored the conventions of plot, setting, character. It functioned entirely on the level of metaphor and, in doing that, made the messages of naturalistic plays seem unbearably heavy-handed.

Naturalism could have continued as the reigning mode if Beckett's play had been accepted as the individual work of an idiosyncratic artist. But the door to irrational, or "absurdist," drama had been opened, and history walked through.

Though *Waiting for Godot* did not succeed as a commercial Broadway production, it ironically proved to have awesome influence. *Godot* marked the closing of an era, the finish of Lillian Hellman and Arthur Miller and William Inge and Tennessee Williams as front-running dramatists. These playwrights henceforth felt compelled to prove themselves modern. Hellman (*My Mother, My Father and Me*) and Inge (*Where's Daddy?*) tried to write in the absurdist style but failed, and the failures ended their stage careers. Tennessee Williams had always been more of a stage poet than a naturalist, but when the absurdists came along he went off the deep end, never again to write a decent or even coherent play—or a commercially successful one—after *The Night of the Iguana* in 1961. And Miller, who was, after all, America's king of intellectual drama, allowed his career to become one continuing apology for the end of the reign. Nothing he wrote, from *After the Fall* through *Incident at Vichy* and *The Price*, compared with his pre-1956 classics, *The Crucible*, *A View From the Bridge*, and the towering *Death of a Salesman*. The humiliating failure of his most recent play, *The Creation of the World* (1972), all but ended Miller's active stage life.

ELIZABETH WOLYNSKI

Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson in Anne Frank.

This seems like a great deal of havoc to have been wrought by one play, but, of course, *Godot* symbolized a rebellion that was running the breadth not just of drama but of all the arts and, indeed, almost everything else in America. Every accepted value was challenged. Nothing and no one over 30 years old could escape association with Eisenhower-era complacency, Vietnam, and John Wayne. Naturalistic drama washed down the drain along with representational art, popular music, the Brooklyn Dodgers, and condoms.

Ionesco, whose ongoing theme was our inability to communicate with each other, could write almost anything. Genet became famous perhaps less for his ability than for his work-reflected history as a convicted criminal and *real pervert*. The only significant playwrights of this movement were Beckett, who's written less and less, and Harold Pinter. Oddly enough (or perhaps not), Pinter actually has more in common with the naturalistic, old-fashioned playwrights than he has with the absurdists. He describes himself as a specialist in "well-made plays"—that is, ones with beginnings, middles, and ends—and indeed, his work is best appreciated when coherent.

A generation of American playwrights was affected by the freedom from structure and sense that the absurdist approach allowed. Dramatists no longer felt the need for form, story, characterization, or comprehensibility. They lost interest in basic dramatic impact. Edward Albee, a playwright of immense promise, failed to develop because of this freedom. To be sure, gifted and even disciplined American playwrights did not go the absurdist route, but their purposes were decidedly cool. They did not care about story and character and emotion either, though they hoped audiences would develop a taste for their work.

Audiences will run to a play that is free of period conventions, yet clear. Mind you, they understand and appreciate the reasons for naturalism's obsolescence: The form simply wasn't realistic. It only aped the exteriors of real life. But at the same time these audiences will not be force-fed abstract theater. They just don't like it. It is antiseptic, inhuman, and feelingless, not to mention incomprehensible and arbitrary. The playwrights too often use absurdism to jot down whatever non sequiturs come into their heads.

Audiences don't ask for much. Not really. They want an emotional and perhaps, if it isn't too much trouble, an intellectual experience in the theater. *The Diary of Anne Frank* is hardly a great play but it provides these experiences in good measure. There is nothing wrong with American drama that a real play couldn't cure. ◉

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Take This Test:

How Much Do You Know About Human Behavior?

1. **What part of your face is the best at sending emotional messages?**
(a) Eyes; (b) Mouth; (c) Forehead; (d) Combination
2. **Why do the rich usually marry each other?**
(a) Financial reasons; (b) How they're brought up; (c) Less divorce; (d) All classes tend to marry peers
3. **What is the sexual secret of marijuana?**
(a) It increases potency; (b) It affects males more than females; (c) It reduces sensuality; (d) It does nothing
4. **How do most people react to personal tragedy?**
(a) Seek professional help; (b) Turn to religion; (c) Escape through drugs or drink; (d) Adjust and work it out
5. **When should your children stop sleeping with you?**
(a) 1-2 years old; (b) 3-6 years old; (c) Whenever seems natural; (d) They should never sleep with you
6. **What type of men have the most problems dealing with liberated women?**
(a) Bachelors; (b) Insecure, introverted; (c) Divorced; (d) Family oriented
7. **What do your dreams indicate?**
(a) You are justifying your behavior; (b) You ate something disagreeable; (c) You lack other adequate emotional outlets; (d) You have an active imagination.
8. **Are minority athletes treated with kid gloves?**
(a) In most cases; (b) They are treated like everyone; (c) They are treated worse; (d) Depends on their ability
9. **Which of these types is most likely to be a political assassin?**
(a) Political activist; (b) Small, asocial dropout; (c) Person with a history of violence; (d) Physically active
10. **Does an active premarital sex life decrease your appetite for a monogamous relationship?**
(a) Depends on the number of relationships; (b) Depends on types of relationships; (c) Commitment grows with each new relationship; (d) Sexual permissiveness often leads to emotional paralysis

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For Brevity's Sake

by Denis Donaghue

Great Days
by Donald Barthelme
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 172 pp., $7.95

DONALD BARTHELME is more attracted to the indisputable charm of brevity than to the disputable charm of narration. If he has a design upon us, it is that we will be rendered unable to resist the temptation of fondling his sentences. We are to read his 16 stories, collected in *Great Days*, as we read Shakespeare's sonnets, attending to what they do while they pretend to do nothing more than say: "You, my beloved, have killed me." The stories are brief for the same reason that the sonnets have 14 lines—because that is enough. The discrepancy between the brevity of the event and the amount of verbal business negotiated is part of the appeal in both cases. But "appeal" is the wrong word. I take it back. These stories do not emit appeals. They do not ask to be believed, or even to have disbelief suspended for the duration of the narrative.

It is a shock to come upon a sentence of truth here and there in Barthelme's fiction. A story called "The Death of Edward Lear," for instance, begins by saying that "the death of Edward Lear took place on a Sunday morning in May 1888." I haven't verified the Sunday or the morning or even the May, but I happen to know that E.L. died in San Remo in 1888. The truth doesn't damage Barthelme's story, I admit, but it encourages a recidivist nostalgia for the conjunction of sentence and event, an emotion generally and firmly held at bay in Barthelme's fiction. If we are to fall back into the habit of believing things and crediting what we're told, there will be no end to our debauchery: In the twinkling of an I we shall be found longing for the old fleshpots of conviction, form, continuity, the priority of beginning over middle and of middle, in turn, over end.

The sentence about Lear's death, though, is only a minor lapse, an indiscretion. It proves that Barthelme could tell a truth if he wanted to: He could tell anything, even a story, given the same desire. If he does not tell truths or stories, it is not because the moon for such commitments is not in his sky. A more probable reason was given several years ago in Barthelme's *Snow White*, when in answer to someone who accused Henry of living in a world of his own, Henry retorted, "I can certainly improve on what was given." So can Barthelme. His work belongs to the history of rhetoric in one of the senses, as having to do with embellishing the given experience, decorating its margins, turning its capital letters into scrolls. With this difference: Normally the rhetorician tries to show the beauties of Creation by revealing them as inexhaustible, and emphasizes God's text by underlining it for the benefit of dim-witted readers. He would have nailed himself as a blasphemer if he had caught in his work the slightest implication that the text was discontinuous, separate from God's original and superior to it. Barthelme blasphemes from morn till dewy eve. He wants us to feel that the embellishments, his sentences, are so much more beautiful than God's version that we will repudiate the latter as a mere vulgate of experience, a first shot, at best a near-miss. Barthelme's sentences are shot with unerring nonchalance toward their mark: The arrow, having defined the circle by taking possession of the center, rustles its feathers to show that precision is not the whole story.

Barthelme's fiction, then, is written according to Henry's method, as an improvement on the original. There are signs in *Great Days* that Barthelme has a certain tenderness, recidivist again, for things "perfect and ordinary and perfect," but he makes his art by suppressing that emotion. Perfection resides in the sentence, since this is a literature appropriate to closing time in the gardens of the West. Barthelme's ideal reader would quietly disengage himself from objects, possessions, the Hippocrene of venereal life to turn to the contemplation of one word's way with another. Instead of titillating himself with bedroom scenes in life or in books, he would read such sentences as these from "Come Back, Dr. Caligari":

> Charles lay in bed with his wife, Irene. He touched a breast, one of Irene's.
>
> You have beautiful breasts Irene, Charles said. Thank you, Irene said, Charles.

Ideally, Barthelme's reader would have tasted the pleasure of the bed and found it, keen or not, relinquishable. He would not hang on to possessions. Suppose he had a passion for Gense spoons, the best that Sweden could offer: He would not be ready to read Barthelme until he was prepared to see those Gense spoons converted into runcible spoons, as in the aforementioned Edward Lear. Start with possessions and lusts if you like, Barthelme says, but be ready to convert them into syllables, an adjective followed by a noun, metrically perhaps a trochee followed by an iamb.

Without proposing to pluck out the heart of his mystery, I think I know what Barthelme is up to. He is trying to detach us from things, possessions, conventional urgencies. Trying to stuff our lives with equanimity, we stuff them with objects. We enforce our will upon the world and identify victory with our possessions. Barthelme wants to tease us out of rage and lust by offering us the superior accomplishment of appreciation; in this case, appreciation of art, word-play, the composition of sentences. Snow White was peevish one day. "Oh I wish there were some words in the world that were not the words I always hear!" God, yes, wouldn't it be wonderful? But Barthelme doesn't waste much spirit on that mood. He knows that there are only the same old words in the world,

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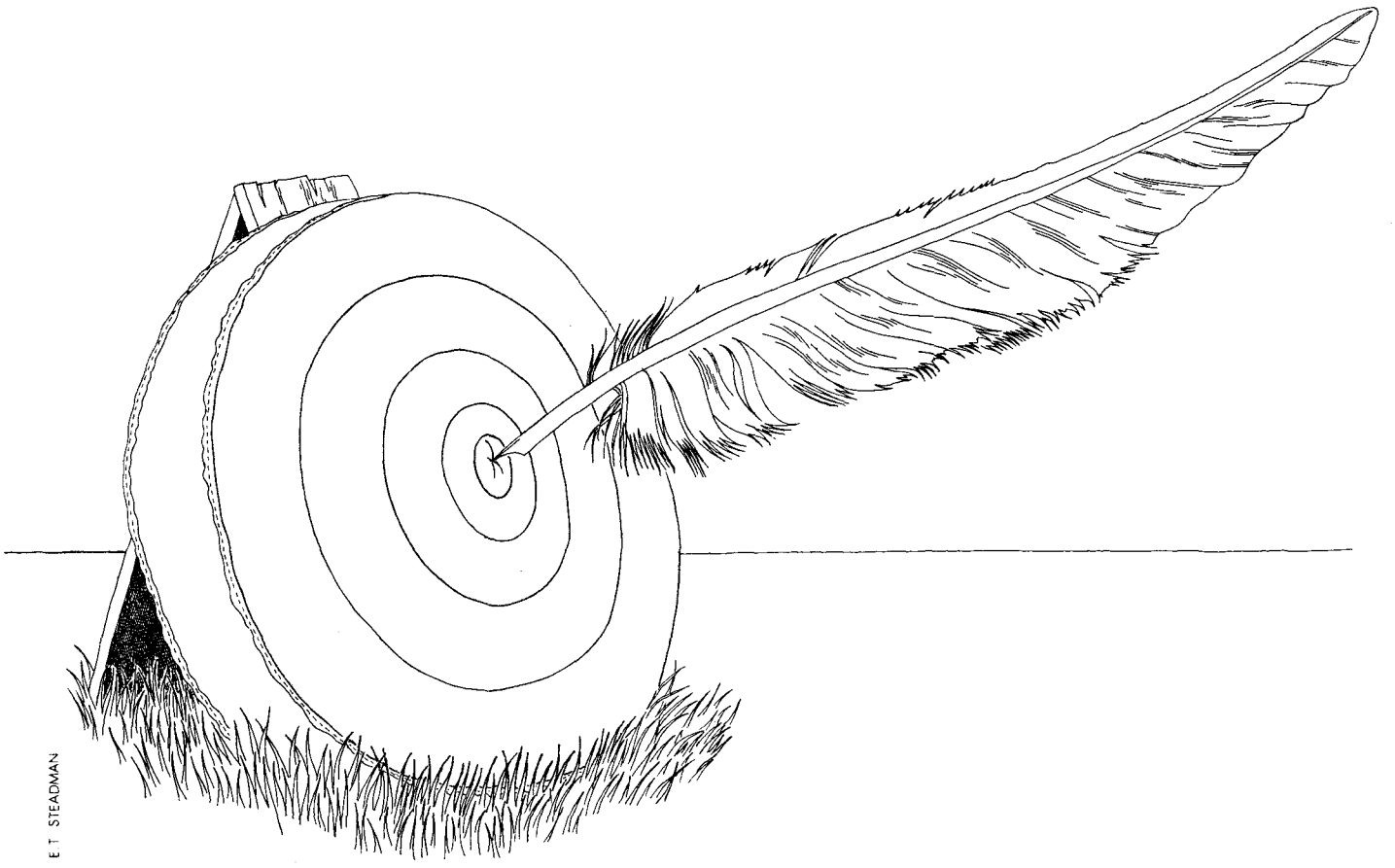

E T STEADMAN

but that an accomplished word-man can upset their complacency, set them free from their attachment to objects, convert them to a new music with runcible cadences. He uses English as a second language, hoping to release us from the preoccupations of the first. Bertrand Russell said that in a democracy it is crucial for people to acquire immunity to eloquence. He did not say, but it is equally true, that in a capitalist society it is crucial for people to attempt to acquire immunity to objects, routines, possessions; or at least to move in that direction.

Barthelme's stories are related to the given world only in terms of rivalry. They rarely condescend to say anything about that world directly, their lines do not run to mockery or satire. Indeed, daily life plays about the same role in Barthelme's fiction as rapid transit systems play in the choreography of polkas. Barthelme balanchines his sentences with little regard for the merit of getting there fustest with the mostest; his decorum aspires rather to the condition of a perfectly adjudged minstrel show. Of the 16 stories in *Great Days*, four are fairly straightforward; they would be good stories in any class but they would not affront the criteria of theme and form deemed applicable to, say, John Cheever. These four are "Belief" (about being old), "Morning" (about being frightened), "On the Steps of the Conservatory" (about losing out), and "The Leap" (of faith, that is). The remaining 12 had to be written by the Donald Barthelme whose work, whether he likes the fact or not, is continuous with the work of Samuel Beckett. If you're going to dispose your language in the form of two disembodied voices, rotten with experience transpiring as idioms, you can't help their recalling, with appropriately lyric ironies, Beckett's duet-makers.

One of the problems attendant upon the aesthetic of dispossession is in fact that Beckett has been there already. Still, there is room for nearly everybody. Barthelme's new stories are about rebellion, a marriage, a mother, a new kind of music, Cortés and Montezuma, a party, the Swedish army, Edward Lear (with an allusion to the other Lear whose first name remains unknown), zombies, a bodyguard, and fear. Fear above all; fear, loneliness, fright, old age. But to say this is like saying that Verdi's *Otello* is about jealousy—not an irrelevant thing to say, but less than the case warrants. So in Barthelme, common themes supply the scenario, but the *diva* is called Language and the arias are perceived as sentences:

—I admire your dash and address. But regret your fear and prudence.

—Always worth making the effort, always.

—Yes that's something we do. Our damnedest. They can't take that away from us.

This talk doesn't harm Fred Astaire, or even improve on the original, but it enacts an ironic rather than a naive relation to the sentiment:

—She got out of bed and, doing a cute little walk, walked to the bathroom. I dreaded the day I would see her real walk.

There is no need to go Bradleyan about appearance and reality while appreciating these two sentences and the mood in which we prefer baby dolls to that monster, the real thing.

I would hate Barthelme's fiction if he found relinquishment easy; if, like rich folk, he kept telling us that money isn't everything, isn't much, isn't anything, really, we're all brothers under the suntanned skin. Barthelme can destroy when he wants to. There must be thousands of Golden Treasury-lovers who will hold him forever unforgiven for reciting the first lines of a favorite poem as

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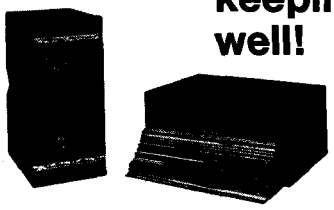

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"I think that I shall never see slash a poem lovely as a tree." But generally he likes things more than he's ready to admit. If he hasn't said, with Yeats, "So get you gone, Von Hügel, though with blessings on your head," it's because, I infer, Von Hügel hasn't meant much to him anyway. But if the situation were different, I think we'd see him patting the Catholic baron on his head while directing him offstage. My evidence for this conclusion is a page of naysaying in the story called "The Leap," ostensibly about two characters (in a manner of speaking; in two manners of speaking, to be precise) who plan to make their leap of faith this very day. Near the end they decide the time is not ripe, they must choose another day, a day compounded of different constituents:

—A jug of wine. Then another jug.
—The Brie-with-pepper meeting the toasty loaf.
—Another day when some eighty-four-year-old guy complains that his wife no longer gives him presents.
—Small boys bumping into small girls, purposefully.
—Cute little babies cracking people up.
—Another day when somebody finds a new bone that proves we are even ancienter than we thought we were.
—Gravediggers working in the cool early morning.
—A walk in the park.
—Another day when the singing sunlight turns you every way but loose.

Enough, enough. If we were at home in the world, easy with objects, feeling not too crowded and not too alone, we might make our own lists of things, Whitmanlike, for the pleasure of enumeration, linkage, plenitude. But in these years plenitude has turned into proliferation, the good of things has turned sour. In theory, everyone makes his own selection, lives by his anthology, ignores the rest. But in practice selection is a delusion, the constituents of experience are that given world which Henry proposed to improve. How do we read that line, "Another day when the singing sunlight turns you every way but loose"? Much depends upon (a) a certain country song, which I happen not to know, (b) a current Clint Eastwood film, *Every Which Way But Loose*, which I happen not to have seen, and (c) whether the phrase "another day" means to you, on balance, another day just like every other day or another day different from every other day. There are further questions: Do you sing with the singing sunlight, or not? And so forth.

What have I been saying? Mainly this, that Barthelme's stories, lively and witty and, yes, yes, disturbing as they are, are practice shots at dispossession. For all I know, there may be objects he despises, and other objects dear to his venereal life, but internal evidence drawn from his fiction suggests that his main quarrel with objects is that they are too many. This feeling is precedented. There are times when people feel tetchy about the constituents of their experience. In the early years of the 18th century people got peevish about the proliferation of books, pamphlets, broadsheets, anonymous scribbles, the guns of the Paper War. This feeling made Pope's *Dunciad* possible, and it encouraged people to despise most of the stuff spewed forth from the printing presses. In the last 10 years or so, people have been getting irritated by objects; by objects as such, as the philosophers say. There is no paradox. We want things; and once got, they lose their value, we disown them, refuse to give them the aura they ask for. But they still keep coming. Writers as diverse as Stanley Elkin, Susan Sontag, and Donald Barthelme are engaged with this matter: how to deal with a situation which has moved from plenitude, to proliferation, to plethora. Think of the title of Sontag's recent collection of stories, *I, Et Cetera*, and of her concern, partly instigated by Walter Benjamin, with the predicament of the *I* when surrounded by the *cetera*. Traditionally, philosophers have brooded over the relation, or a possible relation, between subject and object or, if you prefer, between the individual, assuming the word applies, and the environment, which applies whether we like it or not. In happy times and especially on great days, there is a relation and it is not too bad, but on bad days there is a relation and it is tedious, overbearing, irritating. Two texts: from Emerson, "Things are in the saddle and they ride man." From Benjamin: "The construction of life is at present in the power of facts far more than of convictions, and of such facts as have scarcely ever become the basis of convictions." Wherefore Donald Barthelme and other writers of similar persuasion have given up the ambition of linking convictions to facts; instead, they transfer to sentences of their own scrupulous devising such talent for conviction as they retain. Love me, love my sentences, Barthelme demands. And I reply, I do, I do. You see? ◉

Denis Donaghue teaches English and American literature at University College, Dublin.

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Cloak-and-Dagger History

Piercing the Reich:
The Penetration of Nazi Germany by American Secret Agents During World War II
by Joseph E. Persico
Viking, 376 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by
James Sloan Allen

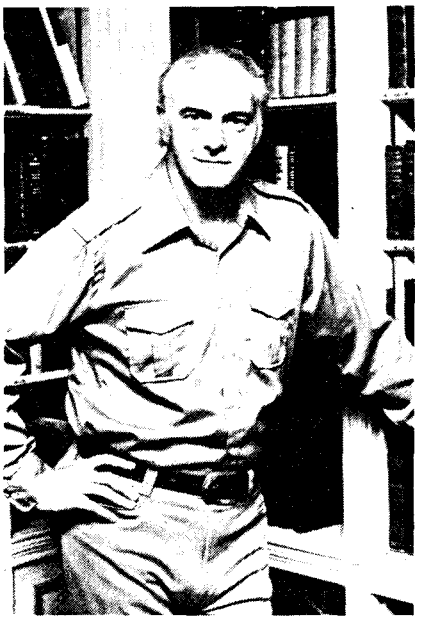
THE ALLIED ARMIES were closing a vise on Nazi Germany from east and west. Hitler, shaken by the bomb attempt on his life in July, had sunk into paranoid distrust of his subordinates and mad determination to win Final Victory. The Third Reich was doomed. But no one could say when or at what cost the end would come.

To hasten the inevitable, the American Office of Strategic Services (OSS) spirited agents for the first time into the enemy's heartland, beginning with a parachute drop through the night sky of September 2, 1944. The assignment: to find facts. How many troops remained and where were they moving? Where were the factories and what were they producing? What material resources were running short? How was civilian morale? Who were the local Nazi officials? How was Germany to be defended and what plans existed for a last-ditch stand in the Austrian Alps? During the last eight months of the war, 102 missions of the OSS secretly penetrated the crumbling but resistant Reich in search of answers.

Joseph Persico understandably wrings all the drama from this history that he can. Among the first to read the declassified documents disclosing these events, Persico revels in his discovery of real-life cloak-and-dagger doings: the disguise and forgery center in England, which gave agents new identities; the infiltration of German cities (including Berlin), factories, and even the military and intelligence service; the ill-fated missions tripped up by amorous liaisons, betrayals, and accidents.

The adventures read like a Helen MacInnes anthology, lacking perhaps the grace of style and finely orchestrated suspense. Or like ideas for film scripts—and some gripping cinematic thrillers should come of them. But for all the book's arresting moments, it fails to achieve either sustained dramatic power or solid historic significance.

Persico offers more a collection of incidents than a coherent and compelling history. All of the incidents fall into a short, fixed pattern: recruitment of the agent, infiltration of Germany, successful assimilation and information relayed, or detection and captivity. To vary the scheme, Persico shifts back and forth between missions, but a sense of repetition remains and confusion results. What is more, Persico glosses over significant and potentially dramatic details. The first agent to arrive, for example, "had a galvanizing effect on the moribund anti-Nazi movement in the Ruhr," having within a month, besides his other assignments, become leader of a resistance organization spread across the Ruhr and linked to distant cities like Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Berlin, "ready to launch an armed uprising." No mean accomplishment for a novice spy. But how he managed it remains enveloped in mystery, as does the character of the indigenous resistance he was to exploit.



Joseph Persico—Naively caught in the intrigue.

Yet Persico's collection of adventures does not lack historical importance. The author properly believes the book illuminates the "late but brilliant flowering" of American "secret warfare." Unfortunately, he misperceives what this illumination reveals.

America had no intelligence-gathering organization before the summer of 1941, when FDR called war hero William Donovan to set one up. To Persico's boyish admiration, Donovan and kindred spirits like Allen Dulles, David Bruce, and Richard Helms "achieved in less than four years what other nations had developed over centuries." This naive praise—should spying require centuries to learn?—betrays Persico's uncritical eyes and resulting blindness to the true import of his book. That import lies in the deliberate creation of an intelligence establishment as a mysterious and untouchable organ within American government.

From the start, under the influence of Donovan's flamboyant style and "ravenous curiosity," the secret service acquired a cachet and privileges unknown to other services. It was an elite corps of intellectuals and adventurers whom the psychologist Henry Murray, hired as a consultant, saw uniquely and dangerously drawn to spying. "The whole nature of the functions of the OSS," he said, "was particularly inviting to psychopathic characters; it involved sensation, intrigue, the idea of being a mysterious man with secret knowledge." The very concept of "intelligence," as embodied by the OSS, set spies above the law. "A man should not have too many ideals," read a training manual, he "should work with his intelligence rather than his heart....The ends justify *any* [sic] means." Persico reverently records these telling statements, uncritically capsuling the entire spirit of the OSS in the words of an agent proud of being "a burglar with morals"—morals which, however, were determined by the agency.

That the troubled recent history of the American intelligence establishment arose from the personalities, principles, and practices of its early leaders seems lost on Persico. Like those leaders, he delights in intrigue for its own sake. And what of the accomplishments of these intrigues? The British thought the venture into Germany pointless, since rich intelligence information poured constantly into Allied hands through German messages decoded by the ultrasecret "Enigma" machine. But the OSS pushed ahead, as Persico admits, partly from a desire "to outdo the master," the British, from whom they were learning the trade. Persico presents no persuasive evidence that piercing the Reich accomplished much beyond satisfying the OSS leaders' ambitions for prestige. Many agents were caught, others lost their radios and couldn't communicate, others had nothing of value to send. Some of those who succeeded, like Frederick Mayer, who assisted in the Austrian surrender, did so because the defeated but still ingenious enemy invited them to serve as intermediaries with the victors. The best intelligence information by far still came through "Enigma" and disaffected Germans unconnected with the operations studied here—most notably Fritz Kolbe, who carried top-secret papers to Allen Dulles in Switzerland for years.

Persico lamely concludes of the information gathered by the missions into Germany that "some of it was ridiculous

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and futile, some of it was helping to end the war"; but he wisely shrinks from deciding "whether the secret penetration of Germany shortened the war by a day or an hour." After reading his thriller, you understand his reticence. For the unstated aim and chief accomplishment of the operations Persico breathlessly narrates was not to end the war but to demonstrate the daring and skill and establish the authority of the American intelligence organization. ◉

Freelance writer and critic James Sloan Allen is completing a book on American culture in the Fifties.

Shinohata

by Ronald P. Dore
Pantheon, 322 pp., $11.95

THE WESTERN VISION of Japanese society rarely goes much further than picturing the entire nation uniformly dressed in dark suits and shiny slim ties, walking submissively behind a tour leader with a pennant in his hand. The other more congenial, but equally superficial, impression of the Japanese comes from the foreign traveler who has returned home laden with gifts, praising Japanese hospitality, the Tokyo taxi drivers who refuse tips, the friendly natives who ever so politely offer directions at Ginza street corners. Excluded, coddled, taunted, charmed, confused, Westerners shift between enchantment at the warm mysteries of the Japanese sensibility and anger at what frequently seems a spitefully unapproachable, thoroughly hermetic society.

In his chatty, friendly description of life in the village of Shinohata, Ronald P. Dore has done much to give us the brains and blood and humor of the puzzling Japanese. When Dore, an eminent Japanologist, visited Shinohata in 1955, the villagers were finally recovering from the ravages of the war, and upon his return in 1975, he found the people prospering from the Japanese industrial boom. Tracing the effects of the development upon his old friends, Dore makes a fascinating exploration of the changes in farming techniques, transportation, land ownership, and family life. Economic well-being has brought farm machinery, color televisions, indoor toilets, and automobiles to many Shinohata families, but some old-timers complain that wealth has destroyed the reverence for small, lovingly tended details: There is a particularly Japanese regret for the loss of "the preciousness of things."

Shinohata lives most vividly in the talk of the villagers, which Dore has transcribed verbatim. We hear the lament of the mother-in-law, once the all-powerful tyrant over her daughter-in-law's existence, who complains about the disobedience of the new, independent brides. Or the modern farmer, his nose too sensitized to bear the smell of cow manure ("The stink gets into your clothes and into your hair...."), now completely dependent upon manufactured chemical fertilizer. Comfortable with the Japanese and their language, Dore has combined the precision of a scholar, the anecdotal talents of a novelist, and the heart of a humanist. He could have given his hosts in Shinohata no greater gift than this affectionate and informative portrait of their lives.

—PHYLLIS BIRNBAUM

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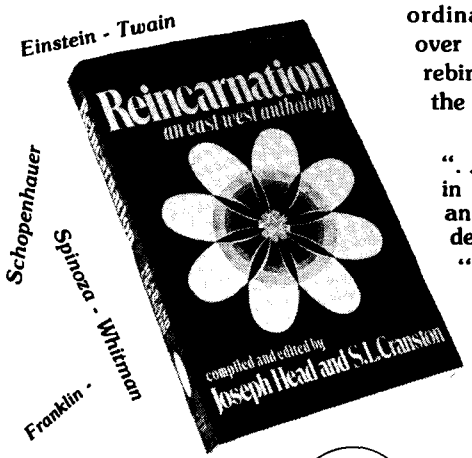

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Hunt

by A. Alvarez
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $9.95

THERE IS MORE than one kind of desperation. When Conrad Jessup finds a lovely woman unconscious on Hampstead Heath at four in the morning, his world abruptly becomes intricate; questioned by the police, followed by two thugs, and befriended by an American who increasingly seems in the know, Jessup learns that fear may be a more appropriate response to life than playfulness. An indifferent failure with job and family, he had never had the stamina to succeed at his serious interests, painting and gambling; now he thrives on a newfound sense of risk, accumulating late in a London summer some well-played poker hands, a girlfriend, and one good painting. He becomes a willing and fairly able participant in intrigues he fails to understand. But even when his involvement is coincidental, a man on the periphery of counter-espionage is necessarily a pawn; by the time Jessup learns his daring new life can be even more disillusioning than the old, it is too late to turn back.

This is the second novel by the British Alvarez, better known as a poet and as a somber, lucid critic. Already published in England and there compared to the early writings of Graham Greene, *Hunt* is an exceptional novel of suspense, self-discovery, and loss.

—CHARLES NICOL

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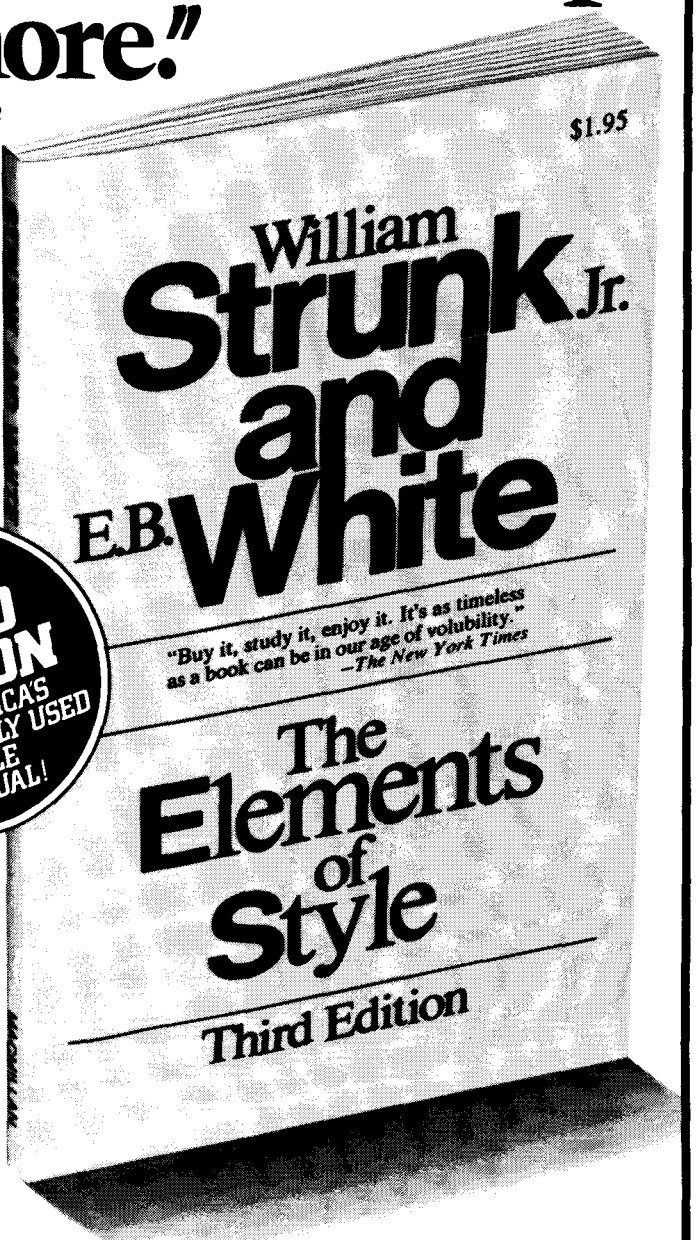
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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Dolce Vita, Chinese Style

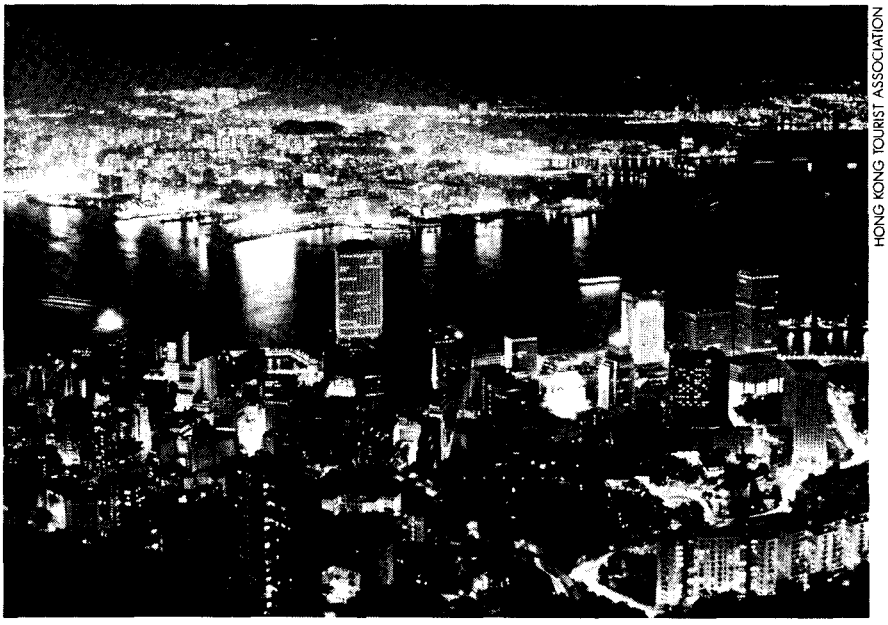
by Horace Sutton

IN THE DAYS WHEN colonialism was in full flower, and Shanghai was the center of international life, the vortex of social play swirled about the racetrack where, one might add, no Chinese were permitted. Chiang Kai-shek used it as a convenient place for public beheadings during World War II, but once the Communist forces had won the civil war and had assumed power in 1949, the racetrack was razed and the land turned into a gigantic square with room left over for a park. The members' grandstand, in a neat twist, was transformed into a public library.

There is a certain irony then to find that in Hong Kong, the British Crown Colony, fluttering like a mascara-coated eyelash on the coast of China, the very newest thing in town is the Sha Tin racetrack built at impressive cost in the far-out limits of the New Territories. In its way Sha Tin epitomizes the luxurious life that Hong Kong can offer those who live there and those who visit. The Royal Hong Kong Jockey Club has provided such amenities as a parade ring where bettors can look over the horses, their owners, trainers, and jockeys; a totalisator indicator board of the latest computer style; a railway station 100 yards from the course; and food installations on seven levels of the grandstand providing everything from hamburgers, hot dogs, and beer to Chinese food served à la carte.

However popular trips to the People's Republic of China may become, it will be a long time before any Chinese city, Peking included, can match the dolce vita of bourgeois China which survives in Hong Kong, at once a bustling city, a fascinating Oriental metropolis, and a beach resort with highly cultivated accouterments for eating, shopping, sleeping, and entertainment. Far from being undone at the sudden popularity of visits to the People's Republic, Hong Kong's tourist authority is confident that visitors to the mainland will not buzz off without a stop at this upholstered outpost.

With travelers jostling for entry into Canton by rail and by fast boat, and with the colony's own tourists content to do capitalist East Asia, Hong Kong this winter has been brimming with visitors, its hotel rooms at a premium. This modest spit of land, awarded to Britain after the Opium Wars 130 years ago, now counts over 14,000 hotel rooms in 50 hotels, mostly in luxury-class.



HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Hong Kong by starlight— "Fluttering like a mascara-coated eyelash on the coast of China."

If China itself is ready to swing open the gates on a grand scale, what then is the attraction? The answer to that probably lies in Hong Kong's formula for mixing the exotic with high style and comfort. From my own quarters, high in the Hong Kong Hilton, at the junction of Garden Road and Queen's Road Central, I could survey the harbor or the immense skyscrapers, a symbol of economic vitality, that rose around me.

The bath was a perfumer's splendor equipped with Cusson's Imperial Leather toilet soap and a cake of Hermès's Equipage, all provided by the management.

When I descended to the lobby in search of breakfast, I was a walking fountainhead of irresistible scents concocted by the vat-stirrers of far-off Grasse. It seemed prudent to slip into a table in the tiny Espresso on the ground floor for coffee and croissants.

I never quite dared, during my mornings in town, to attack the Golden Lotus which does the world's championship knock-'em-dead buffet breakfast. It brings in Sunkist oranges from America, melon from the Philippines, both part of a 26-dish array of cold plates, plus half a dozen cereals, seven kinds of bread, and chafing dishes steaming with anything from lamb kidneys to chicken à la reine.

An attack at that mountain of comestibles requires an immediate session at the Finnish sauna, the Turkish steam room, and the Hollywood pool, all on hand in the hotel.

For auld lang syne, I crossed the harbor to Kowloon one afternoon to have a look at the Peninsula where I had first stayed 20 years ago. Shined up for its 50th anniversary, it appeared more fit than ever, its famed open-court lobby set with a spray of orchids on every table. Under the gilded ceiling, tea and pastries were being served in grand style to an assortment of grandes dames, femmes fatales, dragon ladies, and tourists from Ohio, all tended by scurrying waiters, assistant managers in striped trousers, and page boys wearing white gloves. Only the proximity of the Sheraton and the YMCA, which flank the Peninsula, dissolves the image that one might conjure of an enduring age of pukka sahib.

Upstairs, sleek, modern suites with travertine-tiled baths equipped—as at the Hilton—with terrycloth robes, color television, and champagne and whiskey bars had replaced the modest quarters I had occupied two decades before. Copies of the *South China Morning Post* and the *Wall Street Journal* lay alongside an Oriental chrysanthemum arrangement. There were flowers, too, in the bath, a total expression for $150 a day.

Gaddi's, the Peninsula's prime restaurant, had been redone, too, an elevator moving the customers to the entrance

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How to Get Rich The Lazy Man's Way

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks.

But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a *lot* less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make $9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a *lot* more?

What if I'm so sure that you *will* make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you a most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days *after* I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth *at least a hundred times* what you invested, send it back. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars . . . which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied . . . is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth $250,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid $30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging $25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

". . . I didn't have a job and I was worse than broke. I owed more than $50,000 and my only assets were my wife and 8 children. We were renting an old house in a decaying neighborhood, driving a 5-year old car that was falling apart, and had maybe a couple of hundred dollars in the bank.

Within one month, after using the principles of the Lazy Man's Way to Riches, things started to change – to put it mildly.

- *We worked out a plan we could afford to pay off our debts – and stopped our creditors from hounding us.*
- *We were driving a brand-new Thunderbird that a car dealer had given to us!*
- *Our bank account had multiplied tenfold!*
- *All within the first 30 days!*

And today . . .

- *I live in a home that's worth over $250,000.*
- *I own my "office". It's about a mile and a half from my home and is right on the beach.*
- *I own a lakefront "cabin" in Washington. (That's where we spend the whole summer – loafing, fishing, swimming and sailing.)*
- *I own two oceanfront condominiums. One is on a sunny beach in Mexico and one is snuggled right on the best beach of the best island in Hawaii.*
- *I have two boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.*
- *I have a net worth of over a Million Dollars. But I still don't have a job . . ."*

What *does* it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into *action*. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results *will* be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

Here are some comments from other people. I'm sure that, like you, they didn't believe me either. Guess they figured that, since I wasn't going to deposit their check for 31 days, they had nothing to lose.

They were right. *And here's what they gained:*

$260,000 in eleven months

"Two years ago, I mailed you ten dollars in sheer desperation for a better life . . . One year ago, just out of the blue sky, a man called and offered me a partnership . . . I grossed over $260,000 cash business in eleven months. You are a God sent miracle to me."

B. F., Pascagoula, Miss.

Made $16,901.92 first time out

"The third day I applied myself totally to what you had shown me. I made $16,901.92. That's great results for my first time out."

J. J. M., Watertown, N.Y.

'I'm a half-millionaire'

"Thanks to your method, I'm a half-millionaire . . . would you believe last year at this time I was a slave working for peanuts?"

G. C., Toronto, Canada

$7,000 in five days

"Last Monday I used what I learned on page 83 to make $7,000. It took me all week to do it, but that's not bad for five day's work."

M. D., Topeka, Kansas

Can't believe success

"I can't believe how successful I have become . . . Three months ago, I was a telephone order taker for a fastener company in Chicago, Illinois. I was driving a beat-up 1959 Rambler and had about $600 in my savings account. Today, I am the outside salesman for the same fastener company. I'm driving a company car . . . I am sitting in my own office and have about $3,000 in my savings account."

G. M., Des Plaines, Ill.

I know you're skeptical. After all, what I'm saying is probably contrary to what you've heard from your friends, your family, your teachers and maybe everyone else you know. I can only ask you one question.

How many of them are millionaires?

So it's up to you:

A month from today, you can be nothing more than 30 days older – or you can be on your way to getting rich. You decide.

Sworn Statement:
"On the basis of my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that Mr. Karbo's net worth is more than one million dollars."
Stuart A. Cogan

Bank Reference:
Home Bank
17010 Magnolia Avenue
Fountain Valley, California 92708

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 337-J
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. *But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.*

If I return your material – for *any* reason – within that time, return my *uncashed* check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

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where ladies can make a three-step grand entrance under the crystal chandeliers en route to the Beluga caviar, the swallow's-nest soup, slices of pigeon breast on salad, and stuffed quail.

Elsewhere in the halls the stroller could come upon—how convenient!—an outpost of Cartier's, its window glittering with a Buddha statue, its neck ringed by gold loops, its palms holding diamond earrings. Hermès, very tailored as always, is nearby and so is Ferragamo and the omnipresent Gucci where a gent who forgot his own can pick up an initialed bathrobe, embossed with Gucci's initials not his own.

If Gaddi's, with its Gucci-and-Cartier flair, doesn't suit the moment's mood, the Old Vic in Gammon House serves British and continental cuisine in a candlelit atmosphere that is meant to summon thoughts of the theater's Old Vic as well as Victoriana in general.

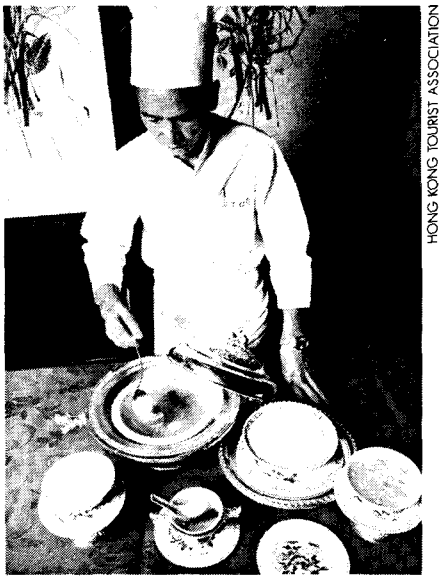
And if neither suits, buzz off to the Jade Garden, which has several branches, with open glass kitchens festooned with hanging sausages, suckling pigs, ducks, pigeons, and orange-hued pig tripe. Black, 1,000-year-old eggs served with ginger are a specialty, and so is whole pigeon served split into two, the head included. An imperial dinner, an all-day eat-fest, costs $1,000 for 12 people, but must be ordered ahead, because its feature, bear paw, is difficult to obtain.

Several other restaurants in Hong Kong produce an imperial or emperor's dinner. Blue Heaven on Queen's Road Central and the Ambassador on Nathan Road can present two-day bacchanals with four meals for 12 people. The bill is $100,000 Hong Kong ($21,277 U.S.) at Ambassador's, and $32,000, Hong Kong ($6,808 U.S.), at Blue Heaven.

For connoisseurs, hairy crabs and snake meat are two wintertime specialties, and a place called MacQueens, specializing in short-order and take-out foods, has red bean ice with ice cream.

Dinner can also come with theatrical presentations. The Miramar Hotel in Kowloon, an establishment that is nothing if not razzmatazz colorful, and looks like a Las Vegas interpretation of hot-cha Chinese, features a theater restaurant complete with tasselled lanterns and a covey of golden dragons on the ceiling. The stage is circular and two stories high, room enough for displays of Chinese opera. Tables surround the stage, and the all-in price, dinner and theater, is $19 U.S. per person.

In quite another fashion the Hong Kong Hilton Playhouse, using the hotel's ballroom, has been running highly successful importations from London. *No Sex Please—We're British* was a hit here as it has been in London, and the light social farces of Alan Ayckbourne have found ready audiences among the overseas British and visitors alike. Dinner first, and then, as the last tinkle of the dishes dies down, the curtain goes up.



HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Jade Garden chef—From Beluga to bear paw.

When not eating or lounging in luxury, visitors can shop, and that means anything from the Jade Market on the pavement (Hong Kong is the world's largest jade market) to $20,000 (U.S.) jade rings in Eurasia which—should you be in a hurry to snap one up—has stations in the Hilton Hotel arcade, on the mezzanine floor of the China Building, and on the ground floor of the Central Building on Pedder Street. The other day, Kevin's in the Holiday Inn, Kowloon side, was showing a Colombian emerald set with diamonds for $650,000 Hong Kong ($138,298 U.S.).

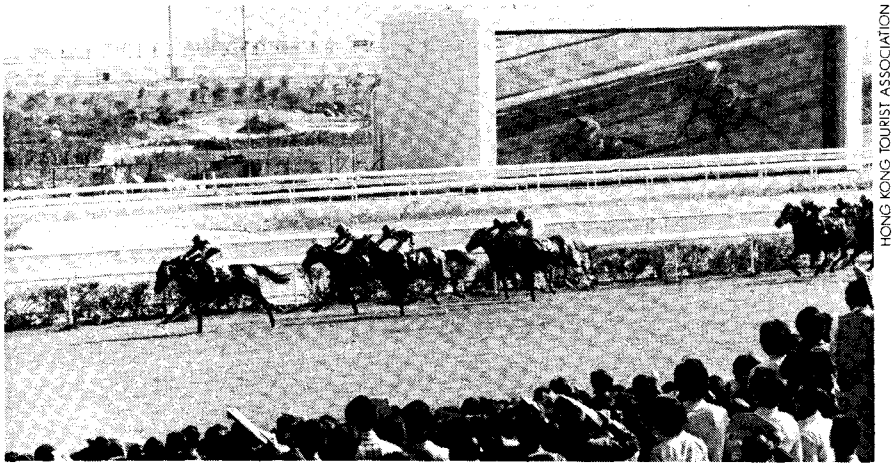
Lane Crawford has been called the Harrod's of Hong Kong, probably because it carries a smattering of almost everything, much of it in excellent taste. Buccellati, the Italian jeweler, prominent on the via Condotti in Rome and on Fifth Avenue in New York, has a boutique in Lane Crawford's with its familiar brushed-gold pieces—ropes and bracelets in the $3,000 to $4,000 department. Crawford also carries Dior, Nina Ricci, and for American patriots, flasks of Charlie, the Yankee scent.

Hong Kong, which publishes the handsomest and most useful array of literature for the visitor of any tourist place I can think of, has shoppers' guides to jewelry and to tailoring in the colony. The jewelry guide discourses intelligently on diamonds, jade, pearls, and other stones, as well as on settings. The tailoring talks of styling, gives charts of prices for materials and for the tailoring of suits, shirts, blouses, and slacks. A complete list of costs of material takes in every imaginable stuff from baby camel hair to doeskin. Similar guides also explain, Chinese ideographs included, how to order meals in Chinese restaurants.

It will be interesting to see, once China really lets down the barriers, how much foreign performing talent will be allowed to play there. In the meantime Hong Kong continues as a stop for such talent as the Salzburg Marionettes, the Chichester Festival Theatre, the Rotterdam Philharmonic, and Teddy Wilson's jazz musicians.

In mid-May Hong Kong will stage its first international Asian antiques fair, the debut of what it hopes will be an annual event. Dealers from all over the world are invited, as are fanciers. Antiques from the Orient, particularly from China, are highly prized.

On his first trip to the People's Republic on behalf of Neiman-Marcus, Stanley Marcus bought a cool million dollars in Chinese antiques. The second time he could only find $50,000 worth. The question may well be, what, if anything, is left? ◉



HONG KONG TOURIST ASSOCIATION

Sha Tin Racetrack—"A railway station and everything from hot dogs to Chinese food."

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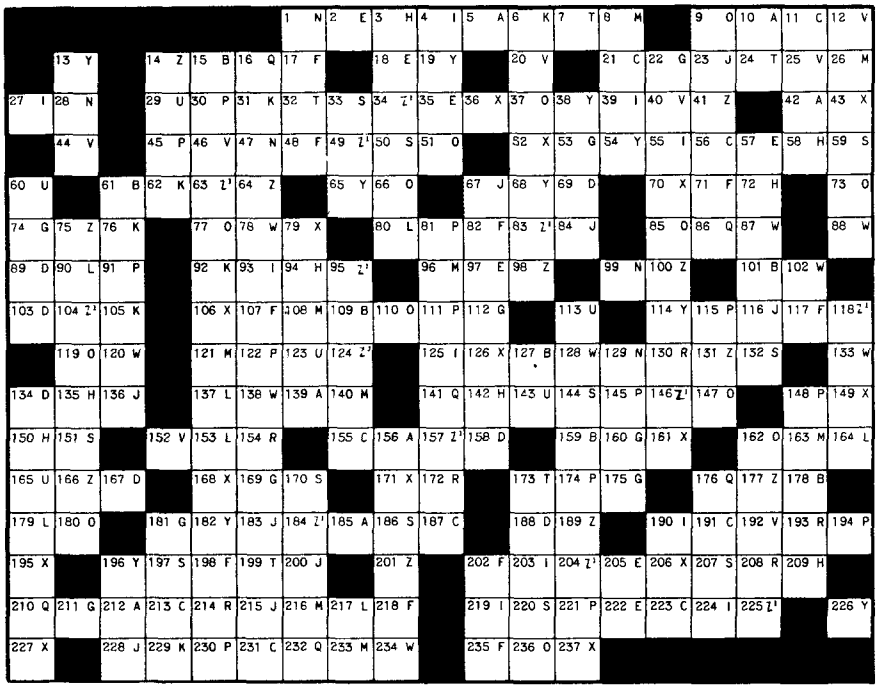
by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Answer to ***Double Crostic 165*** appears on page *6*.

CLUES — WORDS

A. Hit a round-tripper, blasted a circuit clout — 10 42 139 156 185 212 5

B. Period or state of decline (2 wds.) — 15 61 101 109 127 159 178

C. Larruped, clouted, clobbered, belted — 191 223 21 155 187 213 231 11 56

D. Destroy gradually, as by erosion (2 wds.) — 69 89 103 134 158 167 188

E. Sustain with food; foster — 222 2 97 205 18 35 57

F. Converted to cash; got rid of, esp. by killing — 71 107 202 198 117 218 235 48 82 17

G. King of Persia, known to the Greeks as Xerxes — 22 53 74 112 160 175 211 169 181

H. Ordinary, commonplace, prosaic — 3 58 94 135 150 72 142 209

I. Buttercup or crowfoot — 219 4 27 190 224 39 203 55 93 125

J. Whirlybird, chopper — 136 23 116 183 200 228 67 84 215

K. Conventional Hindu expression on meeting or parting — 229 6 31 62 76 92 105

L. Surfeit — 137 153 164 179 217 80 90

M. Distasteful; pertaining to attack — 96 108 121 140 163 8 26 216 233

N. Egyptian personification of femininity; mother of Ra — 1 28 47 99 129

O. "All day, the same our postures were, / And ____, all the day" (3 wds.; Donne, "The Extasy") — 9 37 51 77 110 73 66 85 119 147 162 180 236

P. Song by Bishop and Payne, from the 1823 opera *Clari or the Maid of Milan* (3 wds.) — 81 145 194 30 91 45 111 122 148 174 230 221 115

Q. Cap. of Manipur territory, northeast India — 176 141 210 232 16 86

R. Suppress, curb — 154 130 193 172 208 214

S. "____ *is always right*" (2 wds.; Ibsen, *An Enemy of the People*) — 170 197 220 144 186 33 59 50 207 151 132

T. The people, as distinguished from the clergy — 199 24 32 173 7

U. "And ____ of the days when work was scrappy" (2 wds., Chesterton, "A Song of Defeat") — 113 60 29 123 165 143

V. Town in north Israel — 12 20 25 44 46 40 192 152

W. This is often something to sneeze at — 128 120 133 87 102 78 234 138 88

X. Jump the gun; leap before you look; talk out of turn (2 wds. and comp.) — 161 168 171 106 227 149 195 126 43 36 70 52 206 237 79

Y. Restraint — 13 38 68 54 114 182 196 65 226 19

Z. Transparent quartz, esp. when colorless (2 wds.) — 189 100 177 64 166 14 75 41 98 201 131

Z¹. Principality in central Europe; cap. Vaduz — 124 34 49 63 104 225 184 95 83 146 157 204 118

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THE BACK DOOR

Tergiversation

When President Carter declared full diplomatic relations with the People's Republic of China, my heart sank. Not because I thought that such relations shouldn't be established—indeed, they were overdue. But why, oh why, did we have to betray 17 million Taiwanese, deny their right to an independent existence, after decades of defending it?

I harbor no particular affection for Taiwan. I gather its leaders were not all they might have been: Certainly they were muleheaded to insist on their "legitimacy" long after facts had made that claim fantastic. But the Taiwanese *are* people, people who looked to the United States for support. And now, in a trice, the cold shoulder, the turned back, a headlong rush to embrace their perceived enemy. No previous promises seemed to matter. Present inclinations count for everything; history and continuity, nothing.

Expediency is hardly an excuse. It would be one thing if America were a weakling state, cowed into compliance by our needs. But we aren't—we spend $107 billion annually to make ourselves the most potent nation.

Also, our "need" for Communist China and its resources is strategic rather than immediate: China is far more eager for America's goods and services than we are for theirs. Given Teng's impatience to modernize, it seems that we held almost all the chips and could afford to wait until the People's Republic accepted a solution that did not require the United States to go back on its word.

But no. Like a hot swain, Carter apparently accepted the terms dictated by the object of his desire. And now we are left to feel guilt for his impetuousness, trying not to wince when the newspapers describe as a "major concession" Teng's promise that Taiwan can maintain its "autonomy" after its reunification with the mainland. (You can almost hear him licking his lips.)

My objections are not in the least based on cold-warism. For all I know, Taiwan may be better off "reunified." It's just that I hate to feel ashamed. And there is nothing more shameful than breaking one's word when one has not been forced into doing so.

Also, tergiversation is becoming something of a pattern in American diplomacy. After long and strenuous negotiations, Secretary of State Kissinger persuaded Prime Minister Ian Smith of Rhodesia to enfranchise blacks, include them in his government, and eventually surrender the reins of state. Now comes Ambassador Andrew Young, abandoning Smith and voicing support for the guerrillas whom Kissinger's plan was intended to deflect.

The relative merits of Kissinger's plans and Young's are not at issue here; a situation as wretched as Rhodesia's may admit no right solutions. The issue is consistency. An entity, the United States of America, makes promises, says one thing one day, and then the next reverses itself. That a change of President or Secretary of State has occurred in the interim is scarcely relevant. The fact is that it is the same entity—a freely elected government of the United States—and that entity has reversed itself. The almost inescapable conclusion is that the word of the United States is not to be trusted.

So, the United States is untrustworthy. Other countries are, too. What difference does it make?

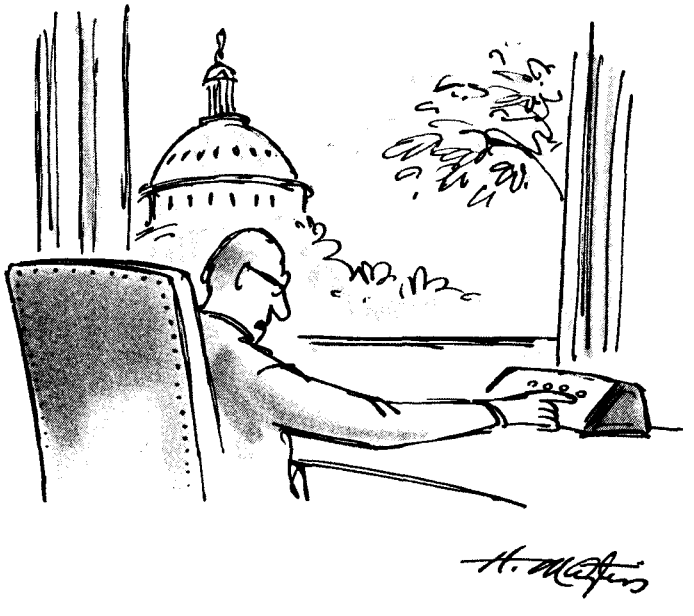
For one thing, we may well be brewing global troubles for ourselves with our untrustworthiness; for who wants to play poker with a cheater?

But more important, we are betraying our own idealism. For two centuries, to all kinds of oppressed peoples, America has stood for something better, a hope of freedom, justice, respect for fundamental decencies. Grade-school history teachers drum this dream into impressionable minds. For the United States to reverse itself is to undermine this idealism, and turn us cynical.

Undoubtedly, the pendulum has swung. Disappointed with the results of all their foreign exploits since World War II, Americans want to pull back their horns, retreat to their borders, cultivate their own gardens. Let the Vietnamese clobber the Cambodians, the Shi'ites the Shah, the Ethiopians the Somalians; if recent experience is any guide we may fare better by not taking sides with anyone.

If isolationism is the policy we are choosing to embrace, the question becomes how to move from being the global cop to our new stance without losing our dignity. How do we pursue our pragmatic goals without garnering a doleful reputation as betrayer to our friends?

—CARLL TUCKER



"Oh, dear. I was trying to get you, Miss Kearney, but I think I pushed World War III by mistake."

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14 factors that could affect the performance of your next prescription.

Before you ask your pharmacist for a cheaper version of the medication prescribed by your doctor, consider.

In making the "same" drug, different companies may exercise different levels of skill and care. They formulate and manufacture the "same" product differently.

Change the inactive ingredients, compress the tablets too much, make any of a dozen other misjudgments, and the resulting product may cause problems. Yet it could look just like a well-made drug.

That's why it's vital to control factors like the few we've listed. To assure quality in every prescription drug, at every stage from research lab to pharmacy shelf.

PMA believes every company should be required to document the biological performance of its products and identify the actual manufacturer on the package label. Because the manufacturer's competence is the key to quality.

To know you're getting a drug of assured quality at an acceptable price, ask your doctor and your pharmacist. These professionals know drugs. And they know drug companies from long experience.

They know that established firms—those with proven quality assurance programs—produce consistently reliable medicines. Such products sometimes cost a little more. But in drug therapy as in drug manufacturing, a saving at the expense of quality could be the worst kind of economy.

The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association.

If a new medicine can help, we're working on it.

With your health at stake, you may want to know more. Please write for our "Key Facts" booklet. It's free.
The Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, Dept. ***SR-903,*** *1155 Fifteenth St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.*

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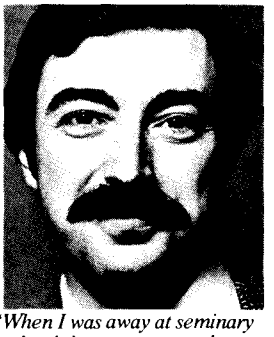
9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.

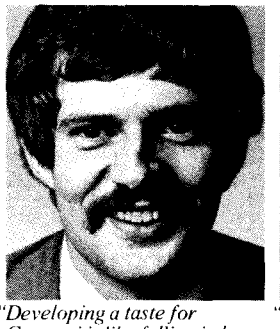
"A friend of mine got a bottle of Campari for his wife. I would like to make a similar exchange." —Larry Berliner, Yorktown Hts, NY

"My dog and I like Campari and water. I drink the Campari —she gets the water." —Betty Mekeel, Petaluma, CA



"When I was away at seminary school they never served Campari. Now I drink it religiously." —Joseph Scheideler, NY, NY

"I used to drink Campari on the rocks until I discovered that the beach was more comfortable." —Lorene Montgomery, Knoxville, TN

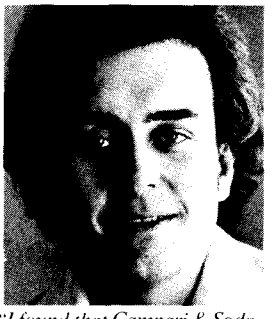


"Developing a taste for Campari is like falling in love. It takes a while but it's fun along the way." —Stephen Peppler, Schofield, WI

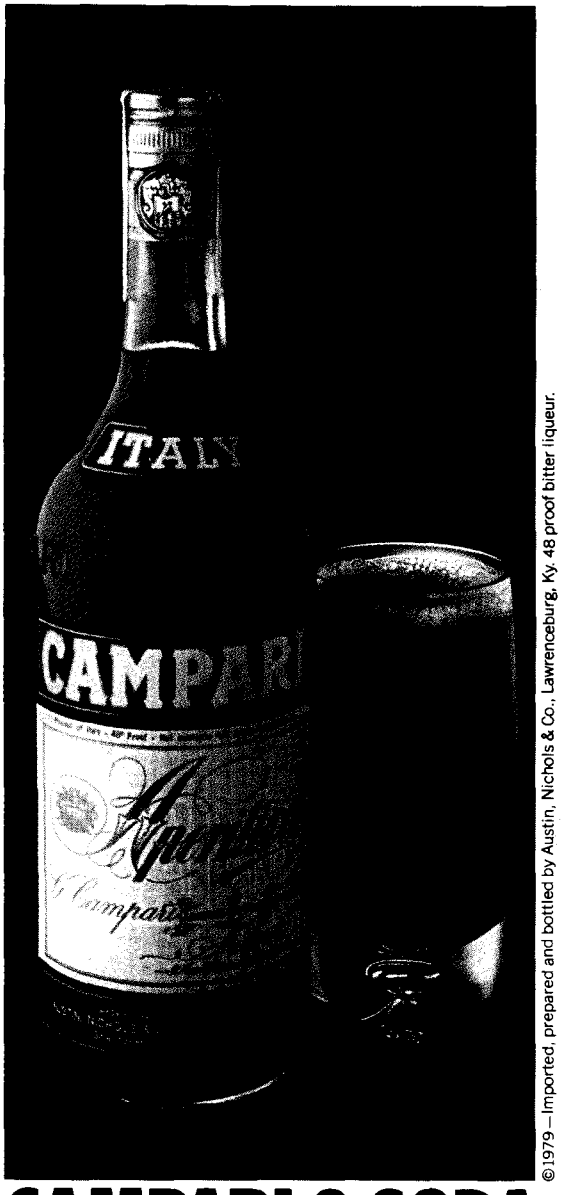
"When Dick asked me out for a soda, I found him engaging. When the soda was mixed with Campari, I found myself engaged." —Babs Klein, Cheyenne, WY

"When I began drinking Campari my friends thought I was seeking a spiritual experience." —Earl Starr, Seattle, WA

"Why Campari? Because David and I like seeing the world through rose-colored glasses." —Kimberley Kreicker, New Orleans, LA



"I found that Campari & Soda is good between sets of tennis ...I've learned to play fast." —Curt Wesser, Nazareth, PA



©1979—Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

You too can be in a Campari ad!

Just send your "Campari Quip," snapshot, and phone number to P.O. Box 2782, **SR,** Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017. If selected, your photo, name and witticism will appear in a future Campari ad—and you'll receive $100. (Sorry, nothing can be returned.)

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